



*If man's best fortune or his worst's a wife:
Yet, that since our marriage neare nor strife,
Live by a good, by a bad one, lost my life.*

*A wife like her I wifte like her, an' well:
Or a faire friende like mine, man scarce hath had.*



*A man's best fortune or his worst's a wife:
Yet, that such nor marriage neare nor strife,
Live by a good, by a bad one, lost my life.*

*A wife live not twelue daies, an' well,
Or a faire friende like mine, man scarce hath had.*

Sir Thomas Ouerburie

HIS
WIFE.

WITH
ADDITIONS
OF NEW CHARA-
cters, and many other

*Wittie Conceits neuer
before Printed.*

The thirteenth Impression.

LONDON,
Printed for Robert Allor, and are to bee
sold at the signe of the Beare in
Pauls Church-yard. 1638.



*John Tisb
n 401*



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To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchlesse *Poem*, the *Wife*, (written by Sir Thomas Ouerburie) is sufficiently approued by many, the worth wherof if any other out of malice shall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticisme) be excluded as Churlish Retainer to the *Muses*: if from direct plaine-dealing, he shall be degraded for insufficiencie. For had such a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our easie conseruations of wit by Printing, they would haue committed it to brasse, lest iniurious

TO THE READER.

ous time deprive it of due eternity. If to converse with a creature so amiable as is here described, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this thirteenth impression) many new *Characters* and witty *Conceits*, written by himself and others his friends. Howsoever, they are now exposed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the least scruple of mother wit about them.

Lices toto nunc Helicon frui——Mar.

Lau. Lisle.

Elegies of feuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR

*Thomas Ouerburie poysoned
in the Tower.*

A Vpon the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie.*

Would ease our sorrowes, twould release our teares:
Could we but heare those high celestiall Spharees,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull straine
In sympathie of what wee mortalls plaine.
Or see their faire Intelligences change
Or face or habite when blacke deeds, so strange,
As might force pity from the Heart of Hell,
Are batcht by Monsters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinkes, like men inclinde to sleepe,
Should through their christall casements scarcely peep,
Or at leaste view vs but with halfe an eye,
For feare their shafter Influence might discry
Some murdering hand, daded in guiltlesse blood,
Blending vile innes to destroy the good.
The Sunne should wed his beames to endlesse Night,
And in dull darknesse canopie his Lights,
Vhen from the ranke strewes of adulterous Brefts,
Vhere every base unhallowed Projett refts

7s belch'd, as in defiance of his shinc,
A streame, might make even Death it selfe to pine.
But those things happen still, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appear;
Mercury capers with a winged heele,
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not mistake those pow'rs above,
Nor taxe inurior fly those Courts of loue.
Surely, they ioy to see these Acts reuealed,
Whick in blinde silence haue beeene long conceald;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'st we mourne
To thinke that ere she was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buried blood was made
A sacrifice to Malice and darke shade.
Weston by Hand that Convre-feu Bell did sway,
Whick did his life to endlesse sleepe conuay.
But rest thou where thou art; He seekes no glorie
By the relation of so sad a storie.
If any more were prouide to the Deed,
And for the crime must be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heaven I pray, with rear'd vp hand and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their soules may rise.
And as those equally turne to one dust,
So these alike may shaine among the iust.
And there make vp one glorious confederacion,
Who suffered here in such a differing fashion.

D.

To the Memorie of the generally bewai-
led Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas
Overburie.*

But that w'are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done; and destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinks, t' obserue how Virtue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an unmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might casuall sceme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence.

But what is man, expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of strange Euent?
The rising Sanne to mortall sight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the starres conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.

Then not the Fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad Accident:
Good men must fall rapes, incests, murders come;
But woe and curses follow them by whom;
God Authors al mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from dev'lish lust within.

Thou then that suffer'dst by those formes so vile,
From whom those wicked Instruments did file
Thy drossie part, to make thy Fame shine cleare,
And Shine thy soule in Heavens al-glorious sphere,
Who being good, nought lesse to thee befell,
Though it appear'd disguis'd in shape of Hell;
Vanish thy blood and Nerves; True life alone
In Virtue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadlesse; O behold,
(If thou canst looke so low as Earths base mold)
How dreadfull Justice(late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirl-winde! how it shakes the
Of lofie Cedars; make the stately Brow (root
Bend to the foot! how all men see that now
The breath of infamie doth mooue their sailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more hearty gales
Shall still keepe Wing, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'ry part of this vast Continent.
Then you the Syre of their murder'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; since he hath wonne
More honour in his sufferance; and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endlesse Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Love might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muses might be slaine
To die his honours Web in purest Graine.

C.B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingenious

Poem Sir Thomas Overbury
Knight, poysoned in
the Tower.

*S*o many Moones, so many times goe round,
And rose from Hell, and darkenesse vnder ground,
And yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell
Not brought to light? O tardie Heauen! yet tell
It Murther laies him downe to sleepe with Lust
Or no? reveale, as thou art Truth and Lust,
The Secrets of this vniust secure All,
And what our feares make vs suspect compaile
With greater deeds of mischiefe, for alone
We thinke not This, and doe suspect yet One,
To which compai'd, This, but a falling Starre;
That a bright Firmament of Fire: Thy Care
We see takes meaner things: It times the World,
The Signes at randome through the Zodiacke hurld,
The Stars wild wandrings, & the glib quicke hinges
Which turne both Poles; and all the violent changes
It ouer-lookest, whichtrouble th'endlesse course
Of the high Firmament: by thy blest force
Doe hoarie winter frosts make forrests bare
And straight to groues againe their shades repaire,

By

By Thee doth Autumnnes, Lyons, flaming Maine
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her barthened powets: *O being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and vnder whom the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd, all his Orbes doth guide,
why are thy Cares of men no more applide?
Or if: why seeme'st thou sleeping to the Good,
And guarding to the Ill? as if the brood
Of best things still must Chance take in command:
And not thy Providence: and Her blind Hand
Thy Benefits erroniously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the worse?
Whence so great crimes commit the Greater sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the Court,
Where Buffones worship in their rise of State
Those filthy Scarabs, whom they Serue, and Hate,
Sure things meete backward, thare; Honour disgrast,
And Vertue laid by Fraud, and Poyson waste:
The Adulti'rer up like Haman, and so Sainted:
And Females modesty (as Females) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another Phaeton
Stolne into Phæbus waine, had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull God,
Right all amisse, and set the wonted period
Of Goodnesse, in his place againe: *This deed*
Be Usher to bring forth the Maske, and Weed,

Where

Where under blacker things lye bid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a safe escape.
Of This make knowne, why such an instrument
As Weston a poore seruingman should rent
The frame of this sad-good-mans life: did he
Stand with this Christ-bred learned OVERBVRIE,
In strife for an Ambassadourship? no, no,
His Orbe held on such light: what did he owe
The Prophets malice for composing this,
This Cynosurd in neat Poessie,
How Good, and Great men ought, and ~~all~~, to chuse
A chaste, fit, noble Wife, and the abuse
Of Strumpets friendly shadowing in the same
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrankt, for which
He dyde so falsly? Heaven we doe beseech
Unlocke the secretes, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blood, Lust made vnyse.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the
memorie of the truely worthy and
learned Sir Thomas Ouerburie
KNIGHT.

Had not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not beene assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which doe in cold blood fight
Had come but faintly on; for, ever, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
Unlesse some neerer cause doe him aspire
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessning her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.

How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now?
Was't not enough to see his deare life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotied *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could ever so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Justice* values not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.

Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
glases which multiply the *Species*,

We

We see thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*. V

Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Dome*, in whose wombe pent
Sometime, we haue it forth most orient. 1620. 17. 1

Such is thy luster now, that venom'd *Spighe*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banishing it, a course begins to runne 1620. 18. 1
With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*. 1620. 18. 2
The poyson that workes vpwards now, shall straine 1620. 19. 1
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preformatiue*, 1620. 19. 2
And wjch-craft that can maske the *upper shire* 1620. 19. 3
With no one cloud, shall blinde a ray of thine. 1620. 19. 4

And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit 1620. 20. 1
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguishe'd it,
And after time, that brake their bondage chaine 1620. 20. 2
Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worke* some while, but being found, 1620. 21. 1
The *Muses* *Altars* plentifully crownd 1620. 21. 2
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be, 1620. 21. 3
And offer all to thy deare Memorie. 1620. 21. 4

Nor haue we lost thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canst descend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round since thy soule fled,
And onely *that time* men shall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life, thou still shalt haue
An *Antidote* against the silent *Graue*.

W.B. Jns. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death
of Sir *Thomas*
Ouerbury.

If for to live be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Iwas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended;
Yet wert to compasse his infatiate lust,
He this last friendship tended to thee:trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Justice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B.G. medij Temp.

In

In obitum intempestiuum &
lachrymabilem Illustrissimi E-
quitis aurati *THO: OVERBVR* magnæ
spes & expectationis Viri.

How ever windie mischiefe raise vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs all
A tempest of foule rutnours, which descry
Thy hard mis-hap and strange disastrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather should huae raisd thee vp to stand.

Yet shalt thou here furuine in pittyng fame
In thy sweet Wife, in these most acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour shrines
In spight of enuie, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, fith it falls out so,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of precious balme did dare:
With whose perfume, although it was thus spild,
The house and commers by were better fild.

Cap. The. Grainsford.

A

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of vertue,
Sir Thomas Ouerburie.

(frame

Once dead and twice alise; Death could not
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If Greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protec^t the iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore simplicitie with death:
Was never man, that felt the fense of griefe
So Ouerbury'd in a safe beleefe:
Believe? Oerwell slaughter'd times vnbred
Will say, who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace.
In friendship, 'twas but Ouerburies case;
Which shall not more commend his truth, then proue
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Rest

Rest happy Man; and in thy spheare of Awe
Behold how Justice swaies the sword of Law,
To weed out those whose hands imbrew'd in blood,
Cropt off thy youth, and flower in the bud.

Sleepe in thy Peace: thus happy hast thou prou'd.
Thou might'st haue dy'de more knowne, not more
Jo. Fa. belou'd.

Vpon Sir Thomas Overburie
the Author of this ingenious
Poem.

HEfferydes (within whose gardens grow
Apples of Gold) may well thy losse deplore,
For in those Gardens they could neuer shew
A tree so faire of such a fruitfull store.

Grace was the Root, and thou thy selfe the Tree,
Sweet counsels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reason the Leafe vpon those branches spred,
Under thy shadow did the *Muses* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered.

But what befell, O too much out of kinde?
For thou wast blasted by a West-on winder?

R.C.A.

B

of

Of Sir Thomas Ouerburie his Wife and Marriage.

When I behold this Wife of thine so faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (Ayre
Being lesse bright and pure) me thinkes I see
An vncloath'd Soule, by potent Alchymie
Exraught from ragged matter. Thou hast made
A wife more innocent then any Maid.
Enah's state, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertue's not more cleare
Such an *Ides* as scarce wishes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes must ne're attaine
A Soule so far beyond the common Make
As scorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her sake
(Despairing else contract) Thou too turn'st Soule;
And to enjoy her fayres without controule,
Cast off this bodyes clog: so must all doe,
Cast matter off, who would abstractions woo.
To fly so soone then (Soule) well hast thou done:
For in this life, such beauties are not won.
But when I call to minde thine vnripe fall,
And so sad summons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curse purchast.
Or, hauing this Elixit made thine owne
(Drawne from the remaunt of Creation,)

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breathe
To punish thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enuid'e choyce hath made the rest
Of Concrete Relicts poynt their aymes infest
To thy conclusion. And with them seduc'd
Friendship (displeasd to see a Loue produc'd
Lesse carnall then it selfe) with policie
So pure and chaste a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howsoe're, their project flies in smoke, (choke
The poyson's cordiall, which they meant should
Their deeds of darkenesse, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd spirituall Louers in despight
Of false attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life such faires had not beeene wonne.

E.G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull VViddow, once happy VVife,
That didst enjoy so sweet a Mate :
VVho, now bereaued is of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed most vile, to haste the end
Of him, that was so good a friend.

F.H.

On this excellent Poem *the Wife.*

Loe here the matchlesse patterne of a Wife,
Disciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as Darke doth
Or as a loathed Bed a single Life; (Light,
The good, with wisedome and discretion clad
With Modestie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whose reason doth her will to loue inuite.

Reason begot, and Passion bred her Loue,
Selfe-will She shun'd, Fitnes the Marriage made;
Fitnes doth cherish Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus, and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor time can fade,
Nor loose respect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Best, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir Thomas Ouerburies Poem the VVife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occasion
Honest and iust, without the worlds perswasion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodnesse; and God send
I may finde many more: I wish them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when ~~E~~ue fell
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, should be as blinde
As she was wilfull; and till this good wife,
This piece of Verte that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Those stand still
As marginalls to point vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to wooc,
And if she were but faire, and could but kisse,
Twenty to one we could not chuse amisse;
And as we iudge of trees if straight and tall
That may be sound, yet never till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; so till now
We onely knew we must loue; but not how
But here we haue example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sense and care,
And steere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly say at his Natiuitie,

That man was seal'd a foole : yet all this good
Given as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood
Some may auerre and strongly, twas meere meant
In way of practice, but not president;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That warrieth any way this misterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a parther for his life
More then a woman, better then a VVife.

I.F

Eiusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile woman came,
The first that ever made vs know our shame,
And finde the curse of labour; so againe,
Goodnesse and understanding found a man
To take this shame away; and from hiue strong
A piece of excellency with out a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare, a woman and a Wife.
And this is shee, if euer Woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blisse our fall.

I.F

On

On Sir Thomas Ouerburies Poem, the Wife.

W^Ere euery beauty, euery severall grace,
Which is in Women, in one womans face,
Some countly Gallants might, I thinke, come to her,
Which wold not wed her, though they seeme to be
Settled affections follow not the Eye; (woo her.
Reason and Judgement, must their course descry.
Pigmallions Image made of marble stome,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heer's a Dame growne husbandesse of late,
Which not a man but wisheth were his Mate.
So faire without, so free from spot within,
That earth seemes here to stand exempt from sin.
Juno vouchsafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D.T.

On the Wife.

Beauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake estate,
Honour illustrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.

Vertue they think doth in these Emblems shroud,
But triall shewes they are gulled with a Cloud.

These are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, gesture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that sets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, these haue each a place.

Were all wives such: This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Posteritie.

D. T.

On the Wife.

VEl hast thou said, that wome should be such;
And were they that, had but a third as
I would be married too, but that I know (much
Not what she is, but should be thou dost show:
So let me praise thy worke, and let my life
Be single, or thy Widdow be my wife.

X. Z.

On the VVife.

His perfect Creature, to the Easterne vse
Liu'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common shew:
Not that her Louer fear'd the lealt abuse,
But with the wifest knew it fitter so:
Sir.ce, falne a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue sacrificide her selfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men.
V Which, to th' adultrous rest, that dare begin
There vs'd temptations, were a mortall sinne.

To the VVife.

Expos'd to all thou wilt leſſe worthie ſceme
I feare; VVives common, all men diſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diſſring Fate: ſome fret
VVe doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls rust, which being vſde grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue the the night.
Thou though more common, then maift ſceme more
I onely wiſh thou maift b vnderſtood. (good,

G. R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

Look here: & chide those spirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with strong command in you,
That all good eyes, which doe your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, must once sustaine:
O from those Euils, which free Soules disdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but pursue
Worst Minds) from them (as hatefull, as vntrue.)
By reading this, for Fames faire sake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightnesse, indiscretion, and the shame
Of foale incontinence, when the base blood
Is carelesse only of an Honour'd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improu'd,
For loose Damess are but flatter'd, nener Lou'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuse a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would trust the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miscarry:
For in way of lone and Glory
Each tongue best tells his owne story.

First, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to such
Whose free vertuous lines are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis seldome seene, that blood
Gives a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient stocke may bring
Branches I confesse of worth,
Like rich mantles shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth,
Yet such Hills though gilded shew
Soonest seele the Age of snow.

Therefore

Of the choyce of a Wife.

Therefore to prevent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would choose my ware,
Vsefull good, not glittering.

He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse to lose a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaues unstudied no man:
I would haue my Mistresse grow
Onely tall to answer No.

Yet

Of the choyce of a Wife.

I would not haue her lose
So much breeding, as to fling
Unbecomming scorne on those
That must worship every thing.

Let her feare loose looks to scatter:
And loose men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for lome of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heire
To another mayden-head;
For she that in the ait's afraide,
Every night's another maide.

Such a one, as when shees woo'd,
Blushes not for ill thoughts past;
But so innocently good,
That her dreames are ever chaff;
For that Maide that thinkes a sin,
Has betraide the Fort shee's in.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

*In my visitation still,
I would haue her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations Teares;
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.*

*When the priest first gines our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen-like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons rod, together
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.*

An *Elegie* in praise of Sir Tho- mas Overbury, and his Poem.

Tis dangerous to be good: well we may praise
Honestie, or *Innocence*; but who can raise
A power, that shall secur', 'gainst wrongs to come,
When such a *Saint* hath suffer'd *Martyrdome*?

Iniurious hands, which cause they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore spoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen* her proper and securer home:
Where 'mongst a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, she sings
Those sacred *Halleluiahs*: heaven may boast
Th'au'e got that *Angell* there, which we haue *lost*:
But we shall still complaine, for to vs *here*,
A Saint is more losse then a *Throne* is *there*.

That *Firmanent* of holy fires which we
Enioyed, whilst thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak' vp in *ashes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, sometime, the *Sun* being set,
Appeares, and we a new (though lesse) light get;
So though our greatest *lampe*, of virtue be,
By cruell Fate, *extinguished*, in thee;
Yet to adde some fresh oyle to our *snuffe* of life,
Thou hast, behind thee, left a matchlesse *Wife*:

Who

Who hath (since that sad time her Husband di'd)-
Beene wooc'd by many, for a second bride:
But like a chaste religious widdow, she
Having lost her first mate, Scornes *bigamie*.

P. B. ~~medias~~ Temp.

A Statue erected in memorie of Sir Thomas Ouerbury his Wife.

Vpon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningst hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most louely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of p'rest gold.
First let Religion, in her heart haue place,
As th'ground & fountaine whence all vertues spring
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t'escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modesty) appeare
Loues object in her face; and chastity
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chrystall cleare
Wherin life moues affectiōns, led thereby.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy *Angels* let protecting be :

And

And at the left Gods mercies shining bright,
Distributing to each necessarie.
Let th' earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the same
Vnto the blinde their sight let her restore;
Strength'ning the weake, and raising vp the lame,
Vnder her seete the Devill and darknesse set,
Let Pride fall bound in chaines behind her Iyes,
Besothe Lane, not appeare his place, and let
Foule-lust, and Envy from her presence lie,
And on her Brest, in golden letters write
Heavens best belou'd, earths chiefeft delights.

He that (in's Choyce) would meet with such a Wife,
Must vow virginitie and single life.

On Sir Thomas Ouerburie and his WIFE,

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife.
A Bad one gane me Death, a Good one Life.

C

An

An *Elegie vpon the Death of*
SIR Thomas Ouerburie
Knight, poysoned in
the Tower.

Hast thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth
Sickned and dyde verne stretcht-out, and laid forth
After thy farewell Sermon, taken earth
And left no deede to praise thee but thy birth,
Then Ouerburie by a passe of theirs,
Thou might'st haue tyded henc in two houres teares,
Then had we worne the sprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Rosemary;
Or than the doale was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunke in thine owne wine and cake;
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy cruch, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldest be poyson'd. Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee above the region of thy place.
For none beares poyson nam'd, but makes replie
What Prince was that? what Statesman so did die?
In this thou hast out-dyde an Elegie
Whiche were too narrow for posterite,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working a fresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserue thee longer are thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor needſt thou trust a Herald with thy name,
That art the voyce of Justice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (defefting her owne conſcience) ſtrives
To pay the vſe and iþerfeſt of liues.

Enough of ryme, and might it please the law,
Enough of blood for naming liues I ſaw,
He that writes more of thee must write of more,
Which I affeit not, but reſerue men ore
To Tyburne by whose Art they may define
What life of man is worth, in valuing thine.

On Sir Thomas Ouerburie.

Though dumbe,deafe,dead,I crie,I heare,I kill,
Thus growne a Politician agaſt my will.

J. M.

Cz

An

An Elegie on the late *Lord Willi-*
am Howard Baron of Effingham,
dead the tenth of December, 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor doe I strive
To winne acceptance, or grace, with Lords aline:
The dead I serue, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor faulter: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion spent,
To these I dedicate as much of me
As I can spare from mine owne husbandry:
And till Ghosts walke, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for some and doe these errants too.
But first I doe enquire, and am assur'd
What Tryals in their Iourneys they endur'J,
What certainties of Honour and of worth,
Their most vncertaine Life-times haue brought
And who so did least hurt of this small store, (forth,
He is my Patron, dy'd he rich, or poore.
First I will know of Fame (after his peace
When Flattery and Envy both doe cease)
Who rul'd his afections: Reason, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge, a Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognisance?

What

What did he? acts of mercy; and restraine
Oppression in himselfe, and in his Traine? C 3
Was his essentiall Table full as free? C 3
As Boasts and invitacions vse to be? C 3
Where if his Rofet-friend did chance to dine, C 3
Whether his Gart-en-man would fill him winc. C 3
Did he thinke perjurie as you'd misse him to hold
Himselfe forsworne, as if his blase had beeene? C 3
Did he seeke Regular pleasure, was he knowne? C 3
Just Husband of one Wife, and thq is owne? C 3
Did he giue freely without paule, or doubt, C 3
And read petitions ere they were warne out? C 3
Or should his well-deserving Chars aske, C 3
VVould he bestow a Tilting, or a Maske? C 3
To keepe need yerkous. And shad done not he? C 3
VVhat Lady dam'd him for his absence there? C 3
Did he atten the Court for no misse fall? C 3
V Vore he the ruine of no Hospital? C 3
And when he did his rich apparell don, C 3
Put he no V Vydow nor an Orphan on? C 3
Did he loue simply vertue for the thing, C 3
The King for no respect but for the King? C 3
But aboue all did his Religion Waitel C 3
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of state? C 3
He that is guilty of no Quarell here, C 3
Out-lasts his Epitaph, out-lives the blytard daies. C 3
But there is none such, none so diuine bad, C 3
VVho but this negatice godnesse: ever had? C 3

Of such a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth.
And'twere a Crime in such a publike faze
For one to live well and degenerate :
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die
Ere custome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight dayes haue past since thou hast paid thy debt
To sinne, and not a libell stirring yet,
Courtiers that scoffe by Patent, silent sit,
And haue no vse of Slander, or of wits
But (which is monstros) though against the tide,
The Water-men haue neither tayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no distinction knowne,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
It seemes we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to increaſe
Our title by the holding of some leaſe (cme
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th' whole
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew.
It were too ſad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath diſorder'd all misplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herald in his line of heys
Blots out thy name, and fills the ſpace with teares.
And

And thus hath conquering Death, or Nature rather
Made the preposterous antient to thy Father, V V
V Who grieues th'art so, and like a glorious light
Shines on thy Hearse. He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all, V V
Here lies the *Anchor* of our *Admiral*, boathq: &
Let others write for glory or reward, his awr: &
Truth is well payd when she is sung and heard. V V

Ad Comitissam Rutlandie.

MAdame, so may my verses pleaseing be,
So you may laugh at them, and not at me,
'Tis something to you, gladly I would say,
But how to do't, I cannot finde the way.
I would auoyd the common beaten waies
To V Vomen vsed, which are loue or praise:
As for the first, the little wit I have
Is not yet growne so necre unto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceive of what, and unto whom I write,
Let such as in a hopeless wittlesse rage,
Can sigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they rest,
V Vhen each is but a great blot at the best;
Such as doe backes of bookees and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as we well desould to end their dayes; . 1. A
VVitcher ffollyng her blowne beyond the seas; . 2. A
VVitch also mortifiteth that they can lye . 3. A
Conceditid of all the world; and yet forgiue . 4. A
VVitche loueth you, and would not willingly . 5. A
Be pointed affin enemy company. . 6. A
As was that little Tayler, who silk death. . 7. A
VVitch had hidoce with Queen Elizabeth. . 8. A
And for the last in all my idle daies, . 9. A
I neuer yet did liuing woman praise . 10. A
In professe. . 11. A And when I doe beginne . 12. A
Ile picke some woman out, as full of sinne . 13. A
As you are full of vertue, with a soule . 14. A
As blacke, as yours is white? A face as fould. . 15. A **M**
As yours is beaftifull, for it shall be, . 16. A
Out of the rules of Phisognomie: . 17. A
So farre that I doe feare I must displace . 18. A
The Art a little to set in her face: . 19. A **I**
It shall at leake four Fates be below . 20. A
The devils; and her parched corps shall shrowyt . 21. A
In her loose skin, as if some spirit she were, . 22. A
Kept in a bag by some great Conjuror . 23. A
Her breath shall be as horrible and vild, . 24. A
As every word you speake is sweet and mild; . 25. A
It shall be such a one, as will not be . 26. A
Cover'd with any Art or policie, . 27. A **D**
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke, . 28. A
She shall make nothing. . 29. A **She**

She shall have such a foot, and such a nose,
As will not stand in any thing but prose :
If I bestow my praises vpon such,
Tis Charitie and I shall merit much.
My praise will come to her like a full boale,
Bestow'd at most need on a thirsty soule ;
VVhere, if I sing your praises in my Rime,
I lose my Inke, my Paper, and my Time ;
And nothing add to your vissions store,
Add vell you bought but what you knew before.
Nor doe the vettuous minded (which I fweare)
Madam I thinke you are) chuse to heare
Their owne pessions or questions broughē,
But stop their easē at the last for if I thought
You tookē a pride to haue your vertues knownē
Pardon me Madam, I should thinke them none ;
To what a length is this straggo letter growne
In seeking of a subiect yet finds none.
But if your braue thoughts, which I much respect
Aboue your glorious Titles, shall accept
These harsh disorder'd Lines, I shall ere long
Diske vpon your vertues new in a new song
Yet farre from all base praise and flattery,
Although I know what ere my Verses be,
They will like the most seruile flattery shew
If I write truth, and make my subiect you.

An Elegie on the Death of the LADY

Rutland.

I May forget to eate, to drinke, to sleepe,
Remembering thee, but when I doe, to weepe
In well weigh'd lines, that men shall at thy hearses
Envie the sorrow which brought forth my verse.
May my dull vnderstanding haue the might
Onely to know her last was yesternight
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of Sidney will more foret a teare,
Tis she that is so dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue professe not Poetrie
The Statesman and the Lawyers of our time
Haue busynesse still, yet doe it not intrime:
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose?
It is three dayes since she did feele Deaths hand,
And yet this Isle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At such a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all say they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write, because their Musc is dead.
Heare me then speake which will take no excuse,
Sorrow can make a verse without a Musc.

V Vhy

Why didst thou die so soone? O pardon me,
I know it was the longest life to thee.
That ere with modesty was cald a span
Since the Almighty left to strive with man
Mankind is sent to sorrow; and thou hast
More of the busynesse which thou canst for past,
Then all those aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-lid their owne Arithmetick.
As soone as thou couldst apprehend a griefe,
There were chow to meeete thee, and the chiese
Blessing of women: marriage was to thic
Nought but a sacrament of Miserie:
For whom thou hadst; if we may trust to Paine,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name.
A name which who (that were againe to doo?)
Would change without a thousand joyes to bbe
In all things else: thou rather ledst a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kinde
If it had onely tride the settled minde,
With present crosses; Not the loathed thought
Of worse to come, or past, then might haue wrought
Thy best remembrance to haue cast an eye
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadst ere thou knewst the vse of teares
Sorrow laid vp against thou com'st to yeeres,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell
By a sad warre thy noble Father fell.

In a dull clime which did not understand
What t'was to venture him to save a Land;
He left two children, who for virtue, wit,
Beauty, were hold of all; These and his wit
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs tooke
These, a more faultless issue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely living thing we have
From him, woe & see, shall never finde a graue.
As thou hast done: alas, would it might be,
That booke & their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might see this married to the worlde,
And many Poems like it selfe bring forth;
But this raigne with Diuinity controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to soules,
Nor any thing he meant should curse, but
Did the wise God of Nature sexes giue,
Then with his euerlasting worke along,
We must content our selues, for she is gone;
Gone like the day, thou dyed'st, yon, and who
May call that backe againe as soone as thee.

Who should haue lookt to this, where were you all
That doth your selues the helpe of Nature call,
Physicians, I acknowledge you were there,
To sell such words as one in health would heare;
So dyde she; Goe he be who shall defend
Your Art of hastynge Nature to an end;
In this you shew'd that Physick can but be
At best, an Art to cure your powerlesse.

You

You're many of you Impostors, and doe give
To sicke mens potions that your selues may live.
He that hath forfeited, and cannot eate,
Must haue a medicine to procure you meat,
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,
Vnlesse it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madnesse make my verses flow
Crosse to my vnderstanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; & every day I meete
The looser sort of people in the streete
From desperate diseases freed, and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to die?
Why should the State allow you Colledges,
Pensions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will shew
The hidden reason why, you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleev'd her blood
Ran in such courses as you vnderstood,
By Lectures you beleev'd her Arteries
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies.
Forgetting, that the State allowes you none
But onely Whores and theeuers to practise on:
And euery passage about them I am sure
You vnderstood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cause that both —
Are noted for enjoying so long lyues.

But

But noble blood treads in too strange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you haue scene
Penelope dissected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preferu'd from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her sooner blest
By sending her to heauen, where let her rest.
I will not hurt the peace which she should haue,
By longer looking in her quiet graue.

FINIS.



THE METHOD.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children.
Then of his contrary, Lust; then for his choyce, First,
his opinion negatively, what shouldest not be: the First causes
of it, that is, neither Beauty, Birth, nor Portion. Then
affirmative, what shouldest bee, of which kinde there are
four: Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, and as a
second thing, Beauty. The first onely absolutely good: the
other being buile upon the first, do likewise become so.
Then the application of that woman by lone to himselfe,
which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the onely condition
of a Wife, Fitnesse.

A WIFE.

Each Woman is a briefe of Woman kinde,
And doth in little even as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of either, More, is but the same againe:
God fram'd Her so, that to her Husband She,
As Eve, should all the world of Women be.

So

A WIFE.

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gane
Vse of themselves, but by *exchange* to make :
Vvhence in their face, the *Faire* no pleasure have,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.

Our Lips in their owne Kisse no pleasure finde :
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blinde.

So God in *Eue* did *perfect* *Man*, *begyns* ;
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had :
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the world *to come*, in *Eue* he made.

We are *two halves* : whiles each from other straies,
Both barren are ; *joyn'd*, both their *like* can raise.

At first, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man, a *She*. *Man* did in his body breed ;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Line-flesh*, *Man* did from *Dust* proceed.

One, thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man



A WIFE.

Man did but the well being of his life
From *Woman* take ; her *Being* she from *Man* :
And therefore *Env* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began :

Marriage their obiect is : their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receive from *Men*.

Marriage ; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted so,
Wherein the very *All* is *Chastitie*,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* go.
Which makes *two, one* ; while here they liuing be,
And after death in their *posterisse*.

God to each *Man* a *private Woman* gave,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort* like *himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* hee might *imprisst*.

Double is *V Vomans use*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

D

VVe



A WIFE.

We fill but *part of time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* haue lent.

Children are *Bodies sole Eternitie* ;
Nature is *Gods, Art* is *Mans instrument*.

Now all *Mans Art* but onely dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

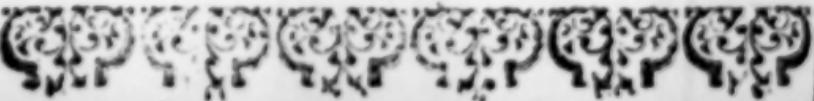
For wandring *Lust* ; I know tis infinige,
It still begins, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlasting, the *delight*,
This instant doth not feele, of *that* before.

The *taste* of it is only in the *Sense*,
The *operation* in the *Conscience*.

Woman is not *Lusts bounds*, but *Womankinde* ;
One is *Loues number* : who from that doth fall,
Hath lost his hold, and no *new ref* shall finde ;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.

A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Lust* cannot finde ;
For *Lust* is still with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate



A WIFE.

Bate *lust* the Sin, my share is eu'n with his,
For *Not to lust*, and to *Enjoy* is one :
And more or lesse past, *equal* Nothing is ;
I still haue *one*, Lust *one at once*, alone :
And though the woman oftenchanged be,
Yet Hee's the same without variety.

Marriage our *lust* (as twere with fuel fire)
Doth, with a medicine of *the same*, allay ;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie* *desire*,
My selfe I cannot chuse, *my wife* I may :
And in the choyce of *Her*, it muchdoth lye,
To mend *my selfe* in *my posterity*.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue* ;
So let me chuse, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue* :
Beasts likenesse lies in *shape*, but *ours* in *minde* :
Our Soules no *Sexes* haue, *their Loue* is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

A WIFE.

But Physick for our *last* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to shew our *Loue* vpon :
But only *Shells* for our *posterity*,
Their soules were giu'n *lest* men should be alone :
For, but the *Soules* *interpreters*, *words* be,
VVithout which, *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we see of flesh and blood,
Their *fashion* is not *weight* ; it is I say
But their *Lay-part* ; but well digested food ;
This but twixt *Dust*, and *Dust*, *lifes* middle. *way* :
The worth of it is nothing that is *seen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my *V Vife*,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two senses* knowne ;
Short cuen of Pictures, shorter liu'd the Life,
And yet the *loue* suruiues, that's built thereon :
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meet, to satisfie.

All

A WIFE.

All Shapes, all Colours, are alike in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* distinguish *oule* or *faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *sight*,
And those, but the first weeke; by Custome are
Both made alike, which differed at first view,
Nor can that difference *absence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*:
But merely by *imagination* be
Enjoy'd by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enjoying we*
Make *ours* *become*; so our *desire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the same.

Birth, lesse then *Beauty*, shall my reason blinde,
Her Birth goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *alline Génrie* finde,
Vertue, then *passiue* from her *Ancestry*;
Rather in *her aliue* one *vertue* see,
Then all the rest dead in *her Pedigree*.

A WIFE.

In the Degrees, high rather, be she plac't,
Of Nature, then of Art, and Policie:
Genrie is but a *relique* of time past,
And *Loue* doth only but the *present* see; (same)
Things were first made, then words: she were the
With, or without, that title or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I shun it, nor my aime it make;
Birth, Beauty, Wealth, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for good additions take,
Nor for Good parts; those two are ill combin'd,
Whom, any third thing frō themselves hath ioyn'd.

Rather then these the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be Good; when these with vertue goe,
They (in themselves *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For Good (like fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods *Image* in Her Soule, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon! not Adams in Her Face.

Good

A WIFE.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauty* keeps the *other* sweet:
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glasse, nor painting can it counterfeit:
Nor doth it raise desires, which ever tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderstood,
So *God* she cannot loue, but also *me*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be *good*,
Religion eu'en the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie:
As she is *more* a *Maid* that *raisest* is,
Then *She* which only doth but *wish amisse*.

Lust only by *Religion* is withstood;
Lusts obiect is alive, his strength within;
Mortality refists but in *cold blood*;
Respect of *Credit* feareth *shame*, not *sin*.
But no place darke enough for such offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conscience*.

A WIFE.

Then may I *Trust* her *Body* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon *secure*, neede never know
The pangs of *Jealousie*: and *Lone* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her *false*, then *know* her *so*:
For *Patience* is, of euills that are knowne,
The certaine *Remedie*; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stirr'd, twill never die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by custome prooue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it satisfie.
The *Anguish* mote or lesse, is *as our lone*:
This miserie doth *Jealousie* ensue,
That we may proue her *false*, but cannot *True*.

Suspicions may the will of *Luſt* restraine,
But *Good* prevents from having such a *will*:
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chast* and *more* containe,
For *Chast* is bot an *Absſinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *best*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *lefte*.

To

A WIFE.

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Jealousie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *unlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts, is best descryde afarre;
Lust is a sinne of two; he that is sure
Of either part, may be of both secure.

Give me next *Good*, an *understanding Wife*,
By *Nature wise*, not *Learned* by much *Art*,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side, will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart:
Besides, Her inborne vertue fortifie.
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A *passive understanding* to conceive,
And iudgement to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballast*, bnt more *saile*.

Domestickē

A WIFE.

Domestike Charge doth best that Sex befit,
Contiguous busynesse; so to fixe the Minde,
That *Leysure* space for *Fanoies* not admit:
Their *Leysure*'cis, corrupteth *Woman-kind*:
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a shorter cut then wee.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our solitude may giue,
And make *Time-present* trauell that of old.
Our life, *Fame* pecceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As good, and knowing, let her be *Discreete*,
That, to the others weight, doth *Fashion* bring;
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*.
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*; but the *Tbing*,
Not *Circumstances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly* withouts it.

A WIFE.

To keepe their *Name*, when'tis in others hands,
Discretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More fraile then *They*: on likelyhoods it stands,
And hard to be disprou'd, *Lust*'s slanders are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chastitie* alone,
Must keepe their *Name* chaste from *suspition*.

Womens *Behaviour* is a surer barre
Then is their *No*: That fairely doth *deny*
Without *denying*; thereby kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is shee,
Which hath *without consent* bin only tride;
He comes too neere, that comes to be denide.

Now since a *Woman* we to *Marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone,
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health* and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be she so faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as she most *Women* else containe.

To

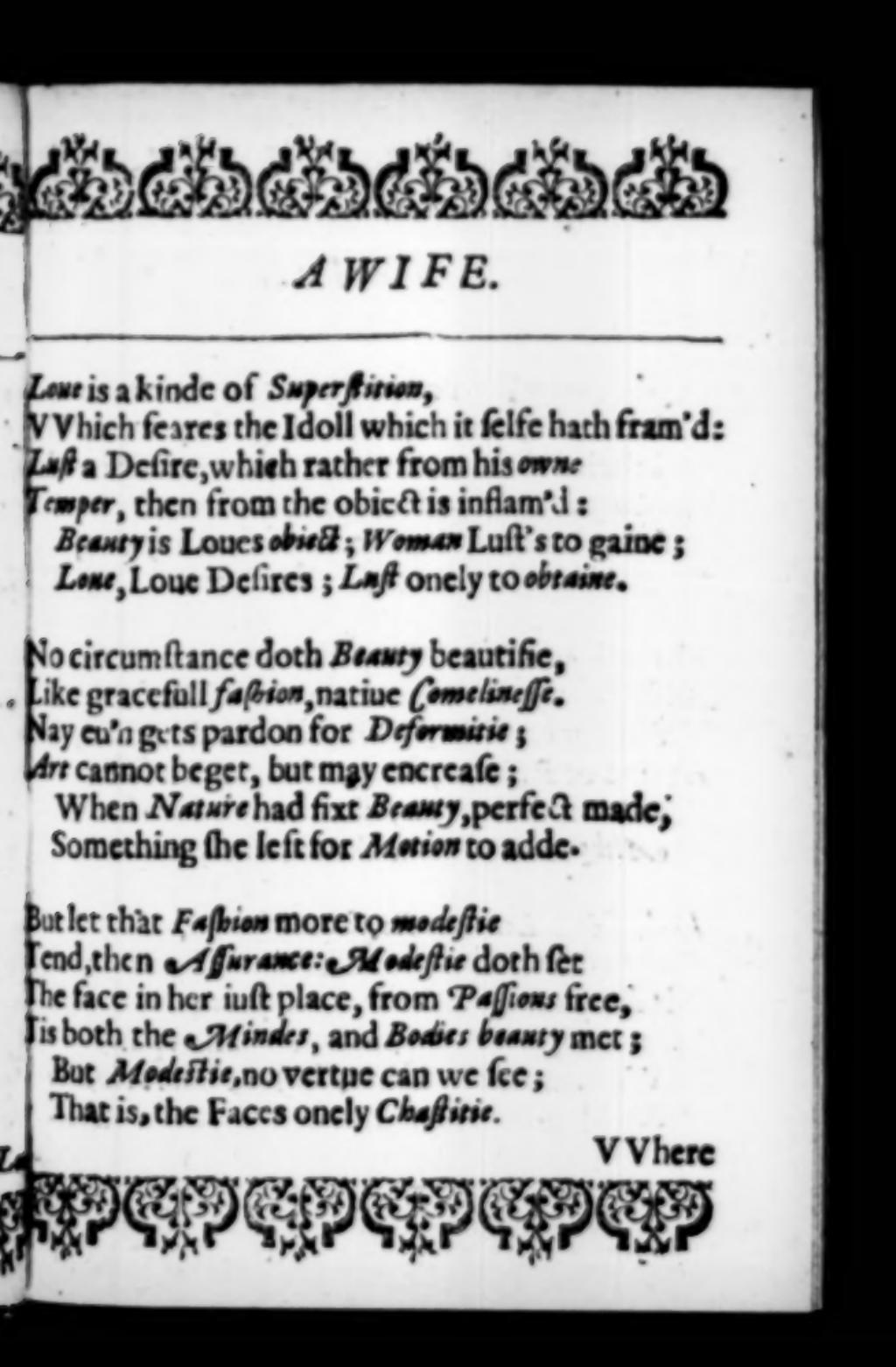
A WIFE.

So Faire at least let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth:opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eies shall I see her but *mine owne*.

And as my *Fancy*, *Her* conceiues to be,
Euen such my Senses both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Fate* we may the seat of *Beauty* call,
In it the relish of the rest doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things else, being *two*, so like we see,
So like, that they *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in decent *shape*, and *Colours* lies:
Colours the *matter* are, and *shape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no single part doth rise,
But from the iust proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *spirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part united in the *Eye*.



A WIFE.

Loue is a kinde of *Superstition*,
VVhich feares the *Idoll* which it selfe hath fram'd:
Lust a *Desire*, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the *obie&t* is inflam'd:
Beauty is *Loues obie&t*; *Woman Lust's* to gaine;
Loue, *Loue Desires*; *Lust* onely to obtaine.

No circumstance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *fashion*, native *Comelinesse*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformitie*;
Art cannot beget, but may encrease;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made;
Something she left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Fashion* more to *modestie*
Tend, then *Assurance*: *Modestie* doth set
The face in her iust place, from *Passions* free,
Is both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies* beauty met;
But *Modestie*, no vertue can we see;
That is, the Faces onely *Chastitie*.

V Vhere



A WIFE

Where goodness failes, twixt ill and ill *that* stands
VVhence tis, that *women*, though they weaker
And their desires more strong, yet on their hand
The *Chastitie* of *men* doth often lie :

Lust would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other sinnes, be done *alone*.

All these good parts a *Perfect woman* make :
Add *Loue* to me, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
VVithout her *Loue*, Her *Beautie* should I take,
As that of *Pictures* ; dead ; That giues it life :
Till then, Her *Beautie* like the Sun doth shine
Alike to all ; That makes it, onely mine.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reason Father* be,
And *Passion Mother* ; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degrees* ;
Selfe-loue (which second Loties built vpon)
VVill make me (if not *Her*) her loue respect ;
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

A WIFE:

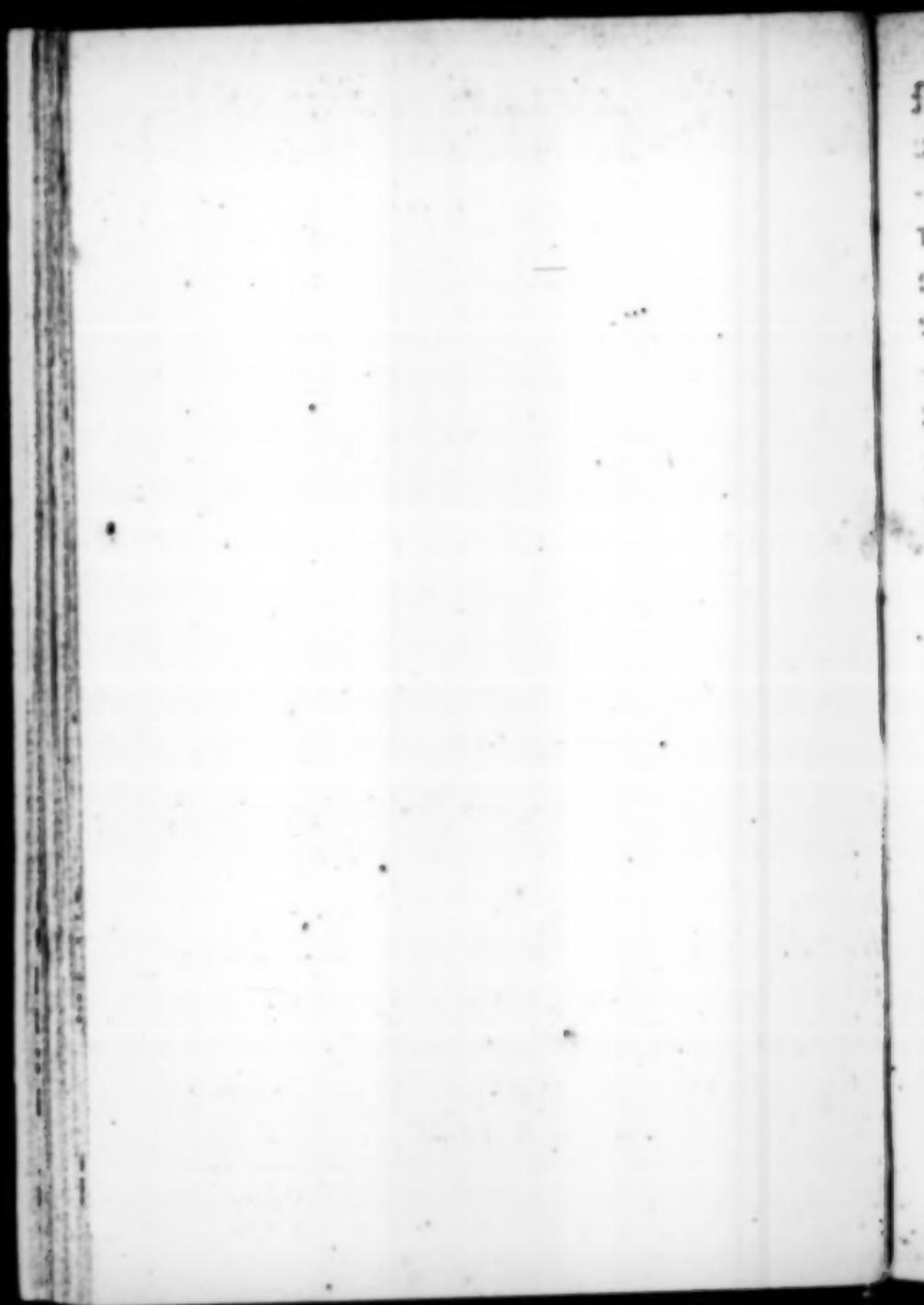
As Good and wise; so be shee Fit for me,
That is, To will, and Not to will the same,
My Wife is my Adopted selfe, and she
As Me, so what I loue, to Loue must frame.

For when by Marriage both in one concurre,
VVoman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

F f N 7 S.

The Authors Epitaph written by himselfe.

THE Span of my dayes measur'd, heere I rest,
That is, my body, but my soule, his guest,
Is hence ascended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
Where being now enlightened, She doth know
The Truth of all, me warrue of below:
Onely this dust doth here in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world dissolues, she come againe.



Characters.

OR,

*Wittie descriptions of the pro-
perties of sundry persons.*



Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnesse of disposition which meetes his stoutnesse more pleasingly; so wooll meets iron easier then iron, and turnes

Characters.

resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her own *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Disbawstie* never comes nearer than her eates, and then wonder stops it out, and saues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *lushious tales*, and puts backe the *Serningmans* putting forward, with a frownde yet her kindnes is free enongh to bee seene, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauour at a certaine, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knoowledge as to loue it; and if she haue it not at home, she will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent shee dares chide her *Sex*, though shevse it neuer the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for she findes no degree beyond *Derencie*. She hath a content of her

Characters.

her owne, and so seekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed most, but not much of description, for she is direct, and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now she is giuen fresh and alie to a Husband, and shee doth nothing more then loue him, for shee takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the busynesse of her actions, and shee doth her selfe kindnesse vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *She is He.*

A very Woman.

A very Woman, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes short, *strength* and *understanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modestie*, that keepes a man from climbing ouer into her faults. Shee simpers as if she had no teeth, but lips: and shee diuides her eyes, and keepes halfe for

Characters

her selfe, and gives the other to her neat
Dish. Being set downe, she casts her
face into a platforme, which dureth the
meale, & is taken away with the voyder.
Her draught reacheth to good manners,
not to thirst; and it is a part of their my-
sterie not to professe hunger; but Na-
ture takes her in private and strecheth
her vpon meat. She is *Marriageable* and
Unmariede at once; and after she doth
not live, but partie. She reades over her
face every morning, and sometimes blots
out pale, and writes red. She thinkes she
is faire, though many times her opinion
goes alone, and she loues her glasse, and
the *Knight of the Sunne* for lying. She
is hid away all but her face, and that's
hang'd about with toyes and deuices,
like the signe of a *Taue*, to draw
Strangers. If she shew more, she pre-
vents desire, and by too free gluing,
leaues no *Gise*. She may escape from
the *Seruing man*, but not from the
Chamber-maide. Shee commits with
her eares for certaine: after that shee
may

Characters.

may goe for a maide, but she hath beeene
lyen with , in her vnderstanding. Her
Philosophie, is a seeming neglect of those,
that be too good for her. Shee's a youn-
ger brother for her portion, but not for
her portion of wit, that comes from her
in a treble , which is still too bigge for
it ; yet her *Vanitie* seldome matcheth
her, with one of her owne degree, for
then shee will beget another creature a
begger : and commonly , if she marry
better, she marries worse. She gets much
by the simplicitie of her Sutor , and for
a iest, laughes at him without one.
Thus she dresses a husband for her selfe,
and after takes him for his patience, and
the Land adioyning, yee may see it , in
a Seruингmans fresh *Napery*, and his
Leg steps into an vnkowne stocking.
I neede not speake of his *Garters*, the
tassell shewes it selfe. If she loue, shee
loues not the Man, but the beast of him.
Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature , and a
mans walking consumption: every can-
dle she gives him, is a purge. Her chiefe

Characters.

commendation is, shee brings a man to
repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightnesse gets her to swimme at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carnung*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst. She trauels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Countrey comes in cleane Linnen to visit her: she breaks to the her griefe in Suger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest Son is like her howsoeuer, & that dispraiseth him best: her vtmost drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly shee obtaines at the yeeres of discretion. She takes a iourney sometimes to her Neeces house, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Denotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expresse their stiffe and fashion, and

Characters.

and are silent; if she be more devout, she lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. Shee sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where she never ouertakes it, or drives it before her againe: Her most necessary instruments are a *waitting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; she weares her Gentlewoman stil, but most often leaves the other in her Chamber-window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and shee smels the sweeter for it. The vtmost reach of her *Providencie*, is the fatnesse of a Capon, and her greatest envie, is the next Gentlewoman's better Gowne. Her most commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fustian beare her Velvet. This she doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to old Age and a Chaire, where every body leaves her.

Characters.

A Diſſemblor

A Diſſemblor

IS an essence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare he is harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of wiadings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme: he dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He winnes not by battery, but yndermining, and his rache is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obseruation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time, an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the Inquisitor must look thorow his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

A Courtier.

Characters.

A Courtier.

To all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the vnderstanding, but this by the sence; but his surest maske is, that hee is to be found onely about Princes. He smells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the situation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occasion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is *Newes*, and his censure like a shot depends vpon the charging. Hee is

Characters.

is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee moues by the vpper *Speares*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you finde him not here, you shall in *Panls*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloake, and a long stocking.

A Golden Affe

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Deuill; he is followed like a salt bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes; hee is as blinde as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally. When he goes, he lookes who lookes: if hee findes not good store of vailers,

Characters.

vailers, hee comes home stiffe and seer,
vntill he bee new oyled and watered by
his husbandmen. Wheresoever he eates
he hath an officer, to warne men not to
talke out of his element, and his owne is
exceeding sensiblē, because it is sensuall;
but he cannot exchange a peece of rea-
son, though he can a peece of gold. He
is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his
beautie, and more then his beautie; they
are his discretion, his countenance, his
All. He is now at an end, for he hath
had the Wolfe of vaine glory, which he
fed, vntill himselfe became the food.

A Flatterer

*I*s the shadow of a Foole. He is a good
wood-man, for he singlēth out none
but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of
the colour of his patient; and for his
sake he will halt or weare a wrie necke.
Hee dispraiseth nothing but pouertie,
and

Characters.

and small drinke, and praiseth his grace of making water. Hee sellmeth himselfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the present, how to winne his praises by reciting the other gifts: hee is ready for all imployments, but especially before Dinner, for his courage and his stomache go together. He will play any vpon his countenance, and where hee cannot be admitted for a counseller, hee will serue as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits these guests of *Toga virilis*, with wiues or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-bookes. In a word, hee is the impression of the last terme, and will be so, vntill the comming of a new terme or termes.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *insectum animal*; for hee is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himselfe, and is glewed,

Characters.

glewed, and but set on. He enteraines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things, where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confesseth vices that he is guiltlesse of, if they be in fashion; & dares not salute a man in old clothes, or out of fashion. There is not a publike assembly without him, and he will ~~fall~~ any paines for an acquaintance there. In any shew hee will be one, though he be but a whiffler, or a torch-beater; and beares downe strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customes, with extolling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and strange Nations. He dares speake more then he vnderstands, and aduentures his words without the releefe of any seconds. He relates battels and skirmishes, as from an eye witness, when his eyes thecuiishly beguiled a ballad

Characters.

had of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, he will not let himselfe understand himselfe, but hopes fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist

IS a noune Adiectiue of the present tense. He hath no more of a conscience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reverenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his owne Slauue, and then whosoeuer looketh big; when he gives he curseth, and when he selis he worships. He reades the statutes in his Chamber, and weares the Bible in the streets: he never praiseth any, but before themselves or friends: and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new. yeeres gifts are ready at *Albanias*, and the sute he meant to meditate before them. He pleaseth the children of great

Characters.

great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his curtesie extends it selfe even to the stable. He straines to talke wisely, and his modestie would serue a Bride. He is grauitie from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may find what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he swelleth with them; and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amorist

IS a certain blasted or planet-strooken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when he is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verses, and muske complements; and sighs to the hazzard of his buttons;

Characters.

rons; his eyes are all white, either to
weare the liuerie of his Mistris com-
plexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting
the blacke. He fightes with passion, and
loseth much of his blood by his wea-
pon; dreames, thence his palenesse. His
armes are carelesly vsed, as if their best
use was nothing but embracements. He
is vntrust, vbuttoned, and vngartered,
not out of carelesnesse, but care; his far-
thest end being but going to bed. Some-
times he wraps his petition in neatnesse,
but he goeth not alone, for thē he makes
some other qualitie moralize his affecti-
on, and his trimnesse is the grace of that
grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun
moisture; when she disfauours, vnable
to hold that happinesse, it falls downe
in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and
hee expresseth much of himselfe vpon
some instrument. He answers not, or
not to the purpose; and no maruell, for
he is not at home. He scotcheth time
with dancing with his Mistris, taking vp
of her gloue, and wearing her feather;

he

Charaters.

he is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memorie. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pyde-coat of red and white: shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitor to his owne discretion.

An Affectate Traveller

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seene more then hee hath perceiued. His Attire speakes *French*, or *Italian*, & his gate cryes, *Behold me*. He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his owne language with shame and lisping: he wil choake, rather than confesse *Beere* good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauour. He chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati.

Characters.

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuseth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men singly. his discourse sounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great Personages, but goes with meane. He takes occasion to shew Jewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mounibanks* method, prononuced them worth thousands, empawneth them for a few shillings. Vpon festiuall daies he goes to Court, & salutes without resaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canuasseth the businesse in hand, and seemes as conuersant with all intents & plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tel them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; he offereth courtesies, to shew them, rather then himselfe, humble. He disdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He imputeth

Characters.

Puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vneworthiness: and concludes his discourse with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soule are gouerned by fame, he loues most voices aboue truth.

A Wisceman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not. Hee hides himselfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, so goes his behauour. His minde enioyes a continuall smoothnesse: so commeth it, that his considera-
tion is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

Characters.

their actions ; by this meanes, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize, but keepe his owne, and beates off their ill-affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flies. He chuseth not friends by the Subsidy-Booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He mainaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance ; and his minde, by giving it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderstands things, not by their forme, but qualities ; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to doe with the mind, except those drowned in the body : but he hath diuided his soule from the case of his soule, whose weake-nesse he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus : and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties ; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

Characters.

A Noble Spirit

Hath surueied and fortified his disposition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reason, there is mariage; the issue are his actions. Hee circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shot. Men are the instruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vse: occasion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, scornes shame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He cals not the varietie of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye moun-
ted vpon his vnderstanding, seeth them as things vnderneath. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its owne

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imbecillitie, to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weaknesse, to weare Fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne destinie. Truth is his Goddesse, and hee takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him; and sticks not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confesse her. He is no Gamester of the world (which only complaine and praise her) but being only sensible of the honestie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or scum. Vnto the societie of men he is a *Sunne*, whose clearenesse directs their steps in a regular motion: when he

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is more particular, hee is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him : and hee feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weaknesse of his bo-die; thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fettters and helpe him out of prison.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blind-folded : for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old customes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wetshod. They call the thumbe vnder the gir-dle, Grauitie ; and because they can

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hardly smell at all, their Posies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech, to close the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they say) to spend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their discourse is vnanswerable, by reason of their obstinacy: their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truths and lyes passe with an equall affirmation: for their memories severall is wonne into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their seruants their duties with as much scorne & tyranny, as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diseases. They put off and on their cloathes, with that certaintie, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore custome should. They take a pride in halting and going stiffly, and therefore their staues are carued and tipped: they trust their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are brushed, to draw mens eyes off from their

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their faces ; but of all, their *Pomanders* are woigne to most purpose, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whose corruption the generation of a Justice of Peace is produced. He speakes statutes and husbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wise man ; he is well skilled in *Arithmetick* or rates : and hath eloquence enough to saue two-pence. His conuersation amongst his Tenants is desperate ; but amongst his equals full of doubt. His trauell is seldom farther then the next market Towne , and his inquisition is about the price of Coine : when he trauellcth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Cousins house of his to saue charges, he rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee de-parts.

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parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub pena* can draw him to *London* : and when hee is there, hee sticks fast vpon euery obiect, casts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cutpurse. When he comes home, those wonders serue him for his Holy-day talke. If he goe to Court, it is in yellow stockings ; and if it bee in Winter in a slight tafetic cloake, and pumps and pantofles. Hee is chained that woos the Vsher for his comming into the presence, where hee becomes troublesome with the ill managing of his Rapier and the wearing of his girdle of one fashion, and the hangers of another ; by this time he hath learned to kisse his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Councillers ; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesie, but of the last he makes more vse ; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore Countrimen. But this is not his element, he must home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

Characters.

A fine Gentleman.

IS the *Cynamon tree*, whose barke is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbes may reade it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye ; painting, boulstring, and bombasting are his *Oratours* : by these also he proues his industrie : for hee hath purchased legs, haire, beautie, and straightnesse, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden heads with his language, and speaks *Euphues*, not so gracefullly as heartily. His discourse makes not his behauour, but hee buyes it at Court, as Countrey men their clothes in Birchillane. He is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expresseth comically: and nothing grieues him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his loue ; yet he sighes sweetly, and speaks lamentably:

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tably : for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is best in season at Christmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together ; his hopes are laden in his qualitie : and lest Fidlers should take him vnprouided, hee weare pumps in his pocket : and lest he should take Fidlers vnprouided, he whistles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage rusts him. Afterwards he maintaines himselfe an imple-
ment of household, by caruing and vshe-
ring. For all this, he is iudicall onely in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers shop is the witnesse of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of fashion, many a spruce Sute, ouerthowne by his fantasticknesse.

An Elder

Characters.

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the best aduantage of things without him; that hath the start at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. He lookes like his Land, as heauily and durtily, as stubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life, and minoritie. The first thing he makes knowne, is his Estate; and the Load-stone that drawes him, is the vpper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular; & his strongest argument is all about the Joyniture. His obseruation is all about the fashion, and he commends Partlets for a rare deuice. He speakes no language, but smels of Dogs, or Hawkes; and his ambition flyes Justice-height. He loues to be commended; and he will goe into the Kitchin, but heele have it. He loues glorie; but is so lazie, as he is content with flatterie. He speakes most of the precedencie

Characters.

dency of age, and protest fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old seruants, & tels what strange aets he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleuees house-keepers the best common-wealths men; and therfore studies baking, brew-
ing, greasing, and such as the limbes of goodnessse. He iudgeth it no small signe of wisedome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer speeds. If his vnderstanding were not honeste then his wil, no man should keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to sell all he can to o-
pinion. His pedigree & his fathers seale-
ring, are the stilts of his crazed dispositi-
on. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inuiting of men to his house, and he thinks it a great modesty to comprehend his cheere vnder a piece of Mutton and a Rabet; if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himselfe concealed, then his land;

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land; yet he is (as you see) good for nothing: except to make a stallion to main-
taine the race.

A Braggadocio Welshman

IS the Oyster that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, & ~~attra~~ nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and hee accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue, aboue all men hee loues an Herald, and speakes pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the storie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in

Characters.

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Davies*
day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand
scannes Verses, and the other holds
his Scepter. Hee dares not thinke a
thought, that the Nominatiue case go-
uernes not the Verbe; and he never had
meaning in his life, for he trauelled only
for words. His ambition is *Criticisme*,
and his example *Tully*. He values phra-
ses, and elects them by the sound, and the
eight parts of speech are his Seruants.
To be briefe, hee is a *Heteroclite*, for hee
wants the plurall number, hauing onely
the single qualitie of words.

A Ser-

Characters.

A Seruингman

IS a creature, which though hee bee not
I drunke, yet is not his owne man. Hee
tels without asking who ownes him,
by the superscription of his Livery. His
life is, for ease and leisure, much about
Gentleman-like. His wealth enough to
suffice Nature, and sufficient to make
him happy, if he were sure of it; for he
hath little, and wants nothing, hee va-
lues himselfe higher or lower, as his
Master is. Hee hates or loues the Men,
as his Master doth the Master. Hee is
commonly proud of his Masters horses
or his Christmas: he sleepes when he is
sleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke
of his stomacke is set to goe an houre af-
ter his. He seldome breakes his owne
clothes. He neuuer drinkest but double, for
hee must bee pledg'd; nor commonly
without some short sentence nothing to
the purpose: and seldome abstaines till

Characters.

hee come to a thirst. His discretion is to be carefull for his Masters credit, and his sufficiencie to marshall dishes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatnesse consists much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, visible baudie iests ; and against his matter faile, hee is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayde, but often purchaseth his Masters daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better ; he alwayes cuckolds himselfe, and never marries but his owne widow. His Master being appeased, hee becomes a Retainer, and entayles himselfe and his posteritic vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Host

IS the kernell of a Signe : or the Signe is the shell, and *mine Host* is the Snaile.
He

Characters.

He consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens exspectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnessse, to lay all mislikes vpon his servants. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends friends friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eates, drinke, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS a thing that scrabbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe. He consists of Trauellers, though hee be none

Characters.

himselfe. His highest ambition is to be *Hoſt*, and the inuention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing wher-of hee sends away the Painters for want of vnderstanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horse mouth, that hee should not eat his hay: and behind your backe, hee will cozen your horse to his face. His curry combe is one of his best parts, for hee expresseth much by the gling: and his mane combe is a spinners card tum'd out of seruice. Hee pusses and blowes ouer your horse, to the hazard of a double Iugge: and leaues much of the dressing to the prouerbe of *Mulsi muscabiens*, One horse rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdcast, not first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feels it not. His vtmost honesty is good fellowship, and hee speakes Northerne, what countrey man soeuer. Hee hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Saddler* for intelligence: hee loues to see you ride, and hold your stirrop in expectation.

The

Characters.

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a soule drownd in a lumpe of flesh, or is a piece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of desire, nor feeling of affection in it; the most dangerous creature for confirming an Atheist, who would sweare his soule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He sleepes as he goes, and his thoughts seldom reach an inch further then his eyes. The most part of the faculties of his soule lie fallow, or are like the restiue lades, that no spur can drive forwards towards the pursuit of any worthy designes. One of the most vaprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane besides the right vse, made fit for the cart and the flayle; and by mischance intangled amongst bookees and papers. A man can not tell possibly what he is now good for,

Characters.

for, saue to moue vp and downe and fill
roome, or to serue as *animatum instrumentum*, for others to worke withall in
base imployments, or to be foile for bet-
ter wits, or to serue (as they say Monsters
doe) to set out the varietie of nature, and
ornament of the vniuersit. Hee is meere
nothing of himselfe, neither eates, nor
drinke, nor goes, nor spits, but by Imita-
tion, for all which he hath set-formes
and fashions, which he never varies, but
stickes to with the like plodding con-
stancie, that a mill-horse followes his
trace. But the Muses and the Graces
are his hard Mistresses, though he daily
inuocate them, though he sacrifice *He-
catombs*, they still looke asquint. You shall
note him oft (besides his dull eye, and
lowting head, and a certaine clammy be-
nummed pace) by a faire displaied beard,
a night cap, and a gowne, whose very
wrinkles proclaine him the true *Genius*
of formalitie. But of all others his dis-
course, and compositions best speake
him, both of them are much of one stiffe
and

Characters.

and fashion. Hee speakes iust what his bookes or last company said vnto him, without varying one whit, and very sel-dome vnderstands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last, for what he heard or read yesterday, hee now dischargeth his memory or Note-booke of, not his vnderstanding, for it never came there. What he hath hee flings abroad at all aduentures, without accomodating it to time, place, or persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters vp and downe windlesse without recouerie, and whatsoeuer next presents it selfe, his heauy conceite seizeth vpon, and goeth along with, how euer *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are either old flead *Prouerbs*, or leane-steru'd-hackney *Apostegmes*, or poore verball quips, outworne by Seruingmen, Tapsters, and Milkmaides, euen laid aside by Ballad-ers. Hee assents to all men that bring any shadow of reason, and you may make him when hee speakes most Dog-

Characters.

inatically euenu with one breath, to auerre poore contradictions. His compositions differ onely *terminorum positione* from dreames; nothing but rude heapes of immateriall, incoherent, drossie, rubbish stiffe, promiscuously thrust vp together. Enough to infuse dulnesse and barrennesse of conceit into him that is so prodigall of his eares, as to giue the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with suffering such durty stiffe cast into it. As vnwelcome to any true conceit, as sluttish morsels, or wallowish potions to a nice stomack, which whiles hee empties himselfe of, it stickes in his teeth, nor can he be deliuered without sweat, and sighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to shake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He spits, and scratches, and spawles, and turnes like sicke men from owne elbow to another, and deserues as much pittie during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Feuers*, or selfe-lashing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite asunder, and examine every shred

Charaders.

shred of him, you shall finde him to bee iust nothing, but the subiect of nothing: the obiect of contempt; yet such as hee is you must take him, for there is no hope he should ever become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans best moueable, a scien incorporate with the stocke, bringing sweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, lesse than trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles shee shares alike, nothing pleaseth her that doth not him. Shee is relative in all; and hee without her, but halfe himselfe. Shee is his absent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his present and absent All. She frames her nature vnto his howsoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more wil

Characters.

willingly. Stubbornesse and obstinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaues tattling to the Gossips of the Towne, and is more scene then heard. Her houshold is her charge ; her care to that, makes her seldom *non residenſ*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigall. By his discretion she hath children, not wantons ; a husband without her, is a miserie in mans apparell: none but shee hath an aged husband, to whom shee is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, shee is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a strayer from the droue : one that Nature made a sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed dispositiōn hath altred. Impleasing to all, as all to him ; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's

Characters.

there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keepes his minde in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: he windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnewindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thrives faster. He'se seldome be found without the shade of some groue, in whose bottome a river dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keepes a *Decorum*, both vnseemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leysure. Hee thinkes businesse, but never does any: hee is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to some purpose; but they prove vnprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no vse. His Spites and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: varietie of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessi-

Characters.

necessities of nature ; which makes him sup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would serue at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleepe, and nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his owne fantasies : they are the consuming euils, and euill consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part ; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preeminentia, and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht piece of reason calckt, and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his owne Prouision, for hee liues ever pickled. A fore-winde is the substance of his Creede ; and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for

Characters)

for he is euer climbing : out of which as naturally he feares ; for hee is euer flying: time and he are euerywhere, euer contending who shall arive first: hee is well winded, for hee tires the day, and out runnes darkenesse. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the best part mewed; and if hee liue till three coates, is a Master. Hee sees Gods wanders in the deepe : but so, as rather they appeare his play fellowes, than stirres of his zeale : nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him; and then but his upper decke neither, for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his steps ate but repreuals of his dangers, and when hee wakes, tis but next stage to dying. His wisedome is the coldest part about him, for it eues poynts to the North : and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide ore flow it. In a storne tis disputable, whether the noife be more his, or the Elements, and which will first leaue scolding, on which side of the ship he may bee saued best, whether his faith bee

ship

starre-

Characters)

starre-boord faith, or lar-boord : or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen : his keele is the Embleme of his conscience, till it bee split hee never repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confusion : and all his thoughts new nations : his body and his shippd are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who flowes most wine, or rowles most, onely the shipp is guided, he has no stigne : a Barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and tis scaid one reason : vpon any but a woodden horse hee cannot ride, and if the weinde blow against him hee dare not : hee swarues vp to his seat as to a saile-yard, and cannot sit vnlesse hee beare a flag-staffe : if euer hee be broken to the saddle, tis but a voyage still, for hee mistakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horse taile : hee can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when hee would bee dares not, for his brackish beleefe hath made that ~~minimus~~ A rocke or a quick-

Characters.

quicke-sand plucks him before hee bee
ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at
Wapping.

A Soldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his
sword is his plough, which honout
and aqua-vite, two fierie metald iades,
are ever drawing. A yonger brother best
becomes Armes ; an elder, the thankes
for them ; every heate makes him a har-
uest : and discontents abroad are his
Sowers : he is actiuely his Princes, but
passiuely his angers seruant. Hec is of-
ten a desiter of learning, which once
arriued at, proues his strongest armor :
hee is a louer at all points ; and a true
defender of the faith of women : more
wealth then makes him seeme a hand-
some foe, lightly he couets not, lesse is
below him : he never truely wants, but
in much hauing, for then his ease and
letchery

Characters.

lechery afflict him : the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him start, and God hee best considers by his power : hunger and cold ranke in the same file with him, and hold him to a man : his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him ; would blow him greater then the sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cause is (doubtfull) and that the best deuotion keeps best quarter abe-felldome sees gray hayres, some none at all, for where the sword failes, there the flesh gives fire : in charity, he goes beyond the Clergy for hee loues his greatest enemie best, much drinking. Hee seemes a full Student, for he is a great desirer of controversies, hee argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard ; in the first refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for else you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diseases. No time to argue,

Charalters.

gue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and hee appeares a most rich chaine for Princes.

ATaylor

IS a creature made vp of shreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when hee was rough cast. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to serue God, but to couer sinne. Other mens pride is the best Patron, and their negligence, a maine passage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more than ordinary judgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set roofe of his croffe legged Fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousnesse alwaies vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaul*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to resist

Characters.

sift them. A tenne groates fee setteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spanish Pike, to the hazard of many poore Ægyptian vermins; and in shew of his valour, scorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the top of his middle finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long Bill, and this hee will manage to the great priuicide of a Cy-
tomyers estate. His spirit notwithstanding is not so much as to make you thinke him mad; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barks, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed snow: *Prometheus* was as fleshe while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast downe into hell. He is partly an Alchymist; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes. And when occasion serueth, making a Brokers shop his Ale-mill.

Charnelers,

bicke, can turne your silkes into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a month or two it hebe virged vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper substance. He is in part likewise an Arithmetician ; cunning enough for Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subtraction : *Summa et ratio*, is the language of his Canaan ; & *visque ad vltimam quadrantem*, the period of all his Charities. For any skill in Geometrie, I dare not commend him ; For he could never yet finde out the dimensions of his owne conscience : Notwithstanding he hath many bottomes, it seemeth this is alwaies bottomlesse. Hee is double yanded, and yet his female complaineth of want of measure. And so with a *Libet nos à malo*, I leue you, promising to amend whatsoeuer is amisse, and is next setting.

Honest bed & Puritane

swells with redaulte quidays when
the poor dormitory is quitted, and
the bed

Characters.

A Physician

IS a diseas'd piece of *Apocrypha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurses, Railing Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whistling. Truely whose child he is, is yet vnowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedigree is found, Bragger and hee flourisht about a time first; his fiery zeale keepe him continually costiuic, which withers him into his owne translation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hide-bound; hee euer prayes against *Non Residentis*, but is himselfe the greatest discontinuer, for hee never keepes neare his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March beere, hee mur-

Characters.

murmures at ; what it disallowes and holds dangerous , makes him a discipline. Where the gate stands open , he is euer seeking a stile : and where his Learning ought to climbe , hee creepes through , give him aduice , you runne into *Traditions* , and vrge a modest course , he cries out *Councils* . His greatest care is to contemne obedience , his last care to serue God , handsomely and cleanly ; He is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching , that should the Church enioyne cleane shirts , hee were lawfie : more sense then single prayers is not his , nor more in those , than still the same petitions : from which hee either feares a learned faith , or doubts God vnderstands not at first hearing . Shew him a Ring , he runnes backe like a Beare ; and hates square dealing as allied to traps : a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Parish , and are the onely glister pipes to coole him . Where the meate is best , there he confutes most , for his arguing is but the efficacie of his

Characters.

eating : good bits he holds breede good positions , and the Pope hee best concludes against , in Plum-broth. Hee is often drunke, but not as we are , temporally , nor can his sleepe then chre him , for the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule reele , and that small Beere that should allay him (silence) keepe him more unsate , and makes his heate breakd out in priuate houses : women and Lawyers are his best Disciples , the one next fruite , songs for forbidden Doctrine , the other to maintaine forbidden titles , both which hee soweres amongst them . Honest hee dare not be , for that loues order : yet if hee can be brought to Ceremony , and made but master of it , he is converted .

Characters.

A Whore

IS a high-way to the Detill, hee that
lookes vpon her with desire, begins
his voyage : hee that staines to talke with
her, mends his pace, and who enioyes
her, is at his iorneyes end : Her body is
the tilted Lees of pleasure, dash'd ouer
with a little decking to hold colour :
tast her shee's dead, and falle vpon the
pallate ; the sinnes of other women shew
in Landscip, far off and full of shadow,
hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger
in the life : shee prickes betimes, for her
stocke is a white thorne, which cut and
grafted on, shee growes a Medler : Her
trade is opposite to any other, for shee
sets vp without eredit, and too much
custome breakes her ; The money that
shee gets is like a Traitors, giuen onely to
corrupt her ; and what shee gets, serues
but to pay diseases : Shee is euer mōrd
in sinne, and euer mending ; and after

Characters.

thirty, shee is the Chirurgions creature; shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and onely in an hofpitall acquainted. Shee liues a Reprobate, like *Cain*, still branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Justice like a Fellow. The first yeere of her trade shee is an Eyesse, scratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the second Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, shee's an intermewers, preies for her selfe, and ruffles all shee reaches; from thence to tenne shee beares the name of white Whore, and then her blood forsakes her with salt Rhumes, and now shee has mewed three coates; now shee growes weary and diseas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and scoures to keepe her coole, yet still shee takes in stones, shee fires her selfe else: the next remoue is Haggard, still more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled

now

Characters.

now vpon her, and linc her perch , or
now she mewes her pounces , at all these
yeeres shee flies at fooles and kils too :
the next is Bussard Bawde , and there I
leauue her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the
great meetings , which are medi-
cines for her itching . Shee kissteth o-
pen mouth'd , and spits in the palmes of
her hands to make them moist . Her
eyes are like free-booters , living vpon
the spoile of stragglers ; and she baits
her desires with a million of prostitute
countenances and enticemens ; in the
light shee listneth to parlices : but in the
darke she understandeth signes best . She
will sell her Smocke for Cuffes , and so
her shooes be fine , shee cares not though
bet stockings want feet . Her modesty
is curiositie , and her smell is one of her
best

Characters.

best ornaments. Shee passeth not a span
brede. And so haue done, shee is the
Cooke and the meate, dressing her selfe
all day, to bee tasted with the better
appetite at night.

A mere common Lawyer

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. Hee is a *Metuenda prima*, informed by reports, assuited by Statutes, and hath his Motioun by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furnishit with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience: but vpon iudgement given, hee vsually sets it at large. He thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragonian*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Province. He imagines that by superexcellencie his profession onely is learning, and that it's
a pro-

Characters.

a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated; if any of the liberall Arts bee there admitted to offer strange incense to Her. For indeed hee is all for money: Seuen or eight yeeres squires him out; some of his Nation lesse standing: and euer since the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what hee was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *actu* or *potentia*) inioyes his pickadels. His Landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His loue letters of the last yeete of his Gentlemanship are stuff'd with *Discontinuances*, *Remissers*, and *Knaure priſts*; but now being enabled to speake in proper person, hee talkes of a French-hood, instead of a loynture, wages his law, and ioynes issue. Then hee begins to sticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that so the superscription may make his Squireship transparent. His Heauldry gives him place before the Minister, because the Law was before the Gospell.

Characters.

Gospell. Next Terme hee walkes his
hoopsleeue gowne to the Hall; there
it proclamis him. Hee feeds fat in the
Reading, and till it chances to his turne,
dislikes no house order so much, as
that the mouth is so contracted to a
fortnight. Mongst his countrey neigh-
bours, he arrogates as much honour for
being Reader of an Inne of Chancery,
as if it had beeue of his owne house.
For they, poore soules, take Law and
Conscience, Court and Chancery for
all one. Hee learn'd to frame his cases
from putting Riddles and imitating
Merlins Prophesies, and so set all the
Crosse-row together by the eares. Yet
his whole law is not able to decide
Lucians one old controversie 'twixt
Tau and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man
of his Cap and Coat idle, but who
trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no
life or qualitie for it selfe, but for gaine;
and that at least, to the stating him in
a Justice of peaceship, which is the first
quickeninge soule superadded to the ele-
mentary

Characters.

mentary and inanimate forme of his new Tide. His Termes are his wiues vacations. Yet shee then may vsurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returns in *Mensum*, for writs of entry: often shorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in assise time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home against him by *Nisi Prims*. No way to heauen, hee thinkes, so wise, as through *Westminster Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it visit both heauen and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his iourneys end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Cammer*. Neither is hee wholly destitute of the Arts. *Grammer* hee hath enough to make terminations of those words which his authoritie hath indenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. *Logike* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetiche* enough for the Ordinals of his yeere booke: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute against it. So much

Geome-

Characters.

Geometrie, that hee can aduise in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuisis*. In *Astronomie* and *Astrologie* he is so farre seene, that by the *Domini-call* letter, hee knowes the Holy daies, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will be long and dury. Marry hee knowes so much in *Mislike*, that hee affects onely the most and cunningest *Discords*, rarely a perfect *Concord*, especially song, exptept in fine. His skill in *perspective* endeauours much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and gives many false colours. Hee is specially practised in *Noeromancy*, (such a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primes*) by raising many dead questions. What sufficiency he hath in *Criticisme*, the foule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the same coate, which are much to bee honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities; but so, that *Discretion*, *Vertue*, and sometimes other good learning, concurring and di-
-sting-

Characters.

stinguishing Ornaments to them, make them as foyle to set their worke on.

A meere Scholler.

A Meere Scholler is an intelligible Ass. Or a silly fellow in blacke, that speakes Sentences more familiarly then Sence. The Antiquity of his Vniuersity is his Creed, and the excellencie of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith : he speakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue ; and is a stranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey : hee do's vsually tell great stories of himselfe to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, bee they true or false : his Ambition is, that hee either is or shall be a Graduate : but if ever he get a Fellowship, he ha's then no fellow. In spight of all *Logicke* he dare sweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townes-

Characters.

Townes-man are *Termini convertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: hee was neuer begotten (as it seemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is spent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like Gentleman-visher, but somewhat faster. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a peas*; witnesse his horsemanship, and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long winded, able to speake more with ease, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuersitie iests are his vniuersall discourse, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparell of his minde, is made of diuers shreds like a cushion; and when it goes plaineſt, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer be the question, the truth is on his ſide. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet hee knowes not that he knowes nothing: he giues dire-
ctions

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Qions for Husbandrie from *Virgils Georgicks* ; for Cattell from his *bucolicks* ; for warlike Stratagems , from his *Aeneides*, or *Casars Commentaries* : hee orders all things by the Booke , is skilfull in all trades , and thrives in none : he is led more by his cares then his vnderstanding , taking the sound of words for their true sense : and do's therefore confidently beleue , that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques , *Rodulphus Agricola* , a substantiall Farmer ; and will not sticke to auerre , that *Systema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermanns* : his ill lucke is not so much in being a foole , as in being put to such paines to expresse it to the world : for what in others is naturall , in him (with much adoe) is artificiall : his pouertie is his happinesse , for it makes some men beleue , that hee is none of fortunes fauorites . That learning which hee hath , was in Non-age put in backward like a glister , and t is now like Ware mislaid in a Pedlers packe ; a ha's it , but knowes not where

Characters.

it is. In a word, he is the Index of a man, and the Title page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profession, nothing in practise.

Writ by John Stephens
A Tinker

IS a moueable : for hee hath no abiding place ; by his motion he gathers heate, thence his chollericke nature. Hee seemes to bee very deuour, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and sometimes in humilitie goes barefoor, therein making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and so is a runnagate by antiquitie : yet hee prooues himselfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth vpon his backe ; or a Philosopher, for hee beares all his substance about him. From his Art was Musicke first inuented, and therefore is hee alwayes furnishit with a song : to which his hammer keeping tune, proues

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pronies that he was the first founder for
the Kettle-drumme. Note, that where
the best Ale is, there stands his musicke
most vpon crotchets. The companion
of his trauels is some foule sunne-burnt
Queane, that since the terrible Statute
recanted Gypfisme, and is turned Ped-
lerresse. So marches he all ouer England
with his bag and baggage. His conuer-
sation is vnreproueable; for hee is euer
mending. Hee obserues truely the Sta-
tutes, and therefore hee can rather steale
then begge, in which hee is vnremoue-
ably constant in spight of whips or im-
prisonment: and so a strong enemy to
idlenesse, that in mending one hole, hee
had rather make three then want worke,
and when hee hath done, hee throwes
the wallet of his faults behinde him.
Hee embraceth naturally ancient cu-
stomes, conuersing in open fields, and
lowly Cottages. If hee visit Cities or
Townes, tis but to deale vpon the im-
perfections of our weaker vessels. His
tongue is verie voluble, which with

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Canting proues him a *Linguisit*. Hee is entertaine'd in every place, but enters no further then the doore , to auoyd suspition. Some would take him to bee a Coward; but beleue it , he is a Lad of mettle , his valour is commonly three or foure yards long , fastned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then also he had rather submit then be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburne and Banbury , hee dics a begger.

*By John Stephen
An Apparator*

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuse, hatcht by the warmth of authority : hee is a bird of rapine , and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Rauen against the death of rich men, and so gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd : his happinesse is in the multitude of chil-
dren,

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dren, for their increase is his weal and to that end, hee himselfe yeete, addes one. Hee is a cunning hunter, vn-coupling his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets and coigne-fields, who follow the chase to Citie-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiver hangs by his side, stufft with siluer arrowes, which hee shoothes against Church-gates, and priuate mens doores, to the hazard of their purses and credit. There went but a paire of sheers betweene him and the purfuant of hell, for they both delight in sinne, grow richer by it, and are by iustice appointed to punish it: onely the Deuill is more cunning, for hee pickes a living out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in his eye which (like spirits) hee sends through chinkes, and key-holes, to suruey the places of darkenesse; for which purpose he studieth the optickes, but can discouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaftitie dazleth his eyes. Hee is a Catholicke, for hee is

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euery where ; and with a Politicke, for
hee transformes himselfe into all shapes.
Hee travels on foot to auoyde idlenesse,
and loues the Church entirely, because
it is the place of his edification . He ac-
counts not all sinnes mortall : for forni-
cation with him is a veniall sinne, and
to take bribes a matter of charity : hee
is collector for burnings and losses at
Sea, and in casting account, can readily
substract the lesser from the greater
summe . Thus lives he in a golden age,
till Death by a processe, summons him
to appearc.

By John Stephens
An Almanacke maker

IS the worst part of an Astronomer:
a certaine compact of figures, char-
acters, and cyphers : out of which
hee scores the fortune of a yeere, not so
profitably, as doubtfully. Hee is tenant
by custome to the Planets, of whom he
holds

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holds the 12. Houses by lease paroll: to them hee payes yeerely rent , his studie, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) 40. s. *per annum*. His life is merely contemplatiue: for his practice , tis worth nothing , at least not worthy of credit; and if (by chance) he purchase any , hee loseth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho Brache* are his Patrons, whose volumes he vnderstands not , but admires ; and the rather because they are Strangers , and so easier to bee credited , than controuled. His life is vpright , for he is alwayes looking vpward ; yet dares beleue nothing aboue *Primum mobile* , for tis out of the reach of his *Jacobs staffe*. His charitie extends no further then to mountebanks and Sow-gelders , to whom hee bequeathes the seasons of the yeere , to kill or torture by. The verses of his Booke haue a worse pace then euer had *Rochester Hackney*: for his prose , tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes , and

Characters.

may serue for an Almanacke : but for his judging at the vncertainty of weather, any old Shepheard shall make a Dunce of him. Hee would be thought the devils intelligencer for stolne goods: if euer he steale out of that qualitie , as a flie turnes to a Maggot , so the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his workes fly forth in small volumes, yet not all , for many ride poast to Chandlers and Tobacco shops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3 . degrees short of his promises ; yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes , and Law-dayes , a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-wayes, and a Bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The rest of him you shall know next yeere ; for what he will be then, he himselfe knowes not.

An Hypo-

Characters.

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall dishonesty*, and *Artificiall dissimulation*. *Simple Fruſt*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, hee is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Emill Nature* and *false Art*, by a monstrous generation; and may well bee put into the reckoning of those creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both these this *Mongrell-weede* will ſhoot) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Physicke* or a *Difeafe*: for he is both in diuers respects.

As he is gilt with an outside of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himſelfe to you to bee taken downe in a cup or taste of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicitie*, you may call him *Physicke*. Nay, and neuer let *poſion* giue *Patiens* good ſtoole, if being truely tasted and reliſht, hee be not as loath-

Characters.

Loathsome to the stomacke of any honest man.

He is also *Physieke*, in being as commodious for vse, as he is odious in taste, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vse of him. For the malice of his nature makes him so *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage of any thing done or saide: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that such a creature in a societie makes men as carefull of their speeches and actions, as the sight of a knowne *Cut-purse* in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purses and pockets: he is also in this respect profitable *Physicke*, that his conuersation being once truely tasted and discouered, the hatefull foulenesse of it will make those that are not fully like him, to purge all such Diseases as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the sight of some *Citizens* on horse-backe, make a iudicious man amend his owne faults in horsemanship. If one of these vses

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yfes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the stomacke of your company ; your best way is to spue him out. That hee is a Disease in the body where hee liueth, were as strange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horse-courseris. For if among Sheepe, the rot ; among Dogs, the mange ; amongst Horses, the glauunders ; amongst Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache bee diseases ; an Hypocrite cannot but bee the like in all States and Societies that breed him. If hee bee a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practice of it but himselfe ; like that graue Burgesse, who being desired to lend his cloathes to represent a part in a Comedie, answered : *No, by his leane, hee would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himselfe.* Hence are his so austere reprehensions of drinking healths, lasciuicuſ talke, vſury and vncconſcionable dealing ; when as himselfe hating

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hating the prophane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers cost: But this must not bee done neither, without a preface of seeming toothnesse, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that hee would not doe it, but to strengthen his body, beeing euен consumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thankelesse babbling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, I doe but venture the making your selfe priuate with him, or trusting of him, and if you come off without a sauour of the ayre which his soule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carryed vpon the backe of these two beasts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiousnesse*: and they may well serue to carrie other vices, for of themselues they are insupportable.

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ble. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or sincere, but the senselesse collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed spirit, and the endlesse labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile (as they often doe) must bee patched vp, to accomplish his foure houres in a day at the least, with long and feruent bummes. Any thing else, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus censureth: *Lacine*, the language of the *Beast*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the speech of the *Jewes*, that crucified Christ: *Controversies* doe not edifie; *Logicke* and *Philosophie*, are the subtilities of *Satan* to deceiue the *Simple*. Humane stories *prophane*, and not sauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and sensible forme of speech and perswasion (though in his owne

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owne tongue) vaine Ostentation. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance* ; sauing that sometimes *Idlenesse* will put in also to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beast Imperiousnesse*, is yet more proudly loaden , it carrieth a burthen , that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall*, should binde, if it might haue the full swindge : No *Pilat*, no *Prince* should command him : Nay hee will command them , and at his pleasure censure them , if they will not suffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations , their purses to bee emptied with the inundations of his vnsatiable humour , and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muzzler of his zealous *Ignorance*. For this doth hee familiarly insult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him , his *Patrone* that feedes him , and in time ouer all them that will suffer him to set a foot within their doores, or put a finger in their purses. All this ,

and

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and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Uniuersities*, as reliques of *Superstition*, hath leapt from a *Shopboard*, or a *Clocke-bagge*, to a *Deske*, or *Pulpit*, and that like a *Sea-god* in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night cap; and with a false *Trumpet* of *Fained Zeale*, draweth after him some poore *Nymphes* and *Mad-men*, that delight more to resort to darke *Caues* and secret places, then to open and publike assemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Disciple*, and *Subject*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will doe to the hooke and crooke of his zeale-blinde *Shepheard*. No *se-futes* demand more blinde and absolute obedience from their vassals; no *Magistrates* of the *Canting societie*, more flauish subiection from the members of that

Characters.

that travelling state, then the Cleare *H. J.*
peccises expect from these lay Pupils.
Nay, they must not only be obeyed, fed,
and defended, but admired too: and that
their Lay-followers doe as sincerely, as
a shirtlesse fellow with a Cudgell vnder
his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad*-
singer: a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a
Play-house, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that
speakes nothing but bladders and bum-
baſt. Otherwile, for life and profession,
nature and Art, inward and outward:
they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypsies*,
they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all puri-
ty, no humanitie: all simplicity, no ho-
nesty: and if you never trust them, they
will never deceive you.

A Maquerela,

Characters.

A Mackerel, in plaine English, a Bawde.

IS an old Char-cole, that hath beene

burnt her selfe, and therefore is able
to kindle a whole groene Coppice. The
burden of her song is like that of Friar
Beacons Head, *Time is, Time was, and Time
will be* : in repeating which, she makes a

wicked brazen face, and weepes in the
cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua-vitæ*.
Her teeth are faine out, marry her nose,
and chin, intend very shortly to bee
friends, and meet about it. Her yecres

are sixty and odde : that shee accounts
her best time of trading ; for a Bawde is
like a Medlar, shee's not ripe, till shee bee
totuen. Her cnuy is like that of the De-
uell, to haue all faire women like her, and
because it is impossible they should catch
it being so young, she hurries them to it
by diseases. Her Park is a villanous bar-
ren ground ; and all the Deere in it are

K

Rascall :

Characters.

Rascall : yet poore Cottagers in the Country (that know her but by heare-say) thinke well of her ; for what she encloses to day, she makes Common to morrow. Her goods and her selfe are all remou'd in one sort, onely shee makes bold to take the uppert hand of them, and to be tartered before them ; the thought of which, makes her shee cannot endure a posset, because it puts her in minde of a Basin. Shee sits continually at a racke Rent ; especially, if her *Landlord* beare Office in the Parish : for her mouables in the house ; (besides her quicke cattel) they are not worth an *Inventory*, onely her beds are most commonly in print : shee can easily turne a Sempstress into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Wardrobe is most infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-sickness* : shee hath onely this one shew of Temperance : that let a Gentleman send for tenne portles of wine in her house, hee shall haue but tenne quarts ; and if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in stewde

Characters.

Stewde prunes. The Justices Clarke stands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the Justice of ~~Qassam~~. Nothing ioyes her so much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her so much, as the approach of Shroue-tuesday. In fise, not to soule more paper with so soule a subiect, hee that hath past vnder her, hath past the *Equinoctiall*. Hee that hath scap't her, hath scap't worse then the *Calenture*.

~~Quijote. soft his ioyfull ord command
to printe out no his bad perfyses, and
what shal hee vnto whom : but I haue
describ'de vpon wood and alane
phoebus. **A Chamber-maide.** As M. ord
sonnes against me, and I am as shamed~~

SHee is her mistresses shee Secretary, and keepeſ the box of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very priuate. Her industry is vp staies, and downe-staies like a Drawer, stand by her dry hand you may know ſhee is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhee lye at her Masters beds feet, ſhee is quit of the *Greene ſickneſſe* for boog

Characters.

uer; For she hath terrible dreames when
she is awak, as if she were troubled with
the *Night-Mare*. She bath a good liking
to dwell i'th *Country*, but shee holds
London the goodliest Forrest in *England*,
to shelter a great belly. She reads *Greene's*
workes ouer and ouer, but is so carried a-
way with this *Mirror of Knighthood*, she
is many times resolu'd to runne out of
her selfe, and become a *Lady Errand*. If
she catch a clasp, shee diuides it so equally
betweene the Master and the Seru-
man, as if shee had cut out the getting of
it by a *Thred*: onely the knaue *Summer*
makes her bowle booty, and over-reach
the Master. The *Pedant* of the house,
though he promise her marriage, cannot
grow further inward with her, she hath
paid for her credulity often, and now
growes weary. Shee likes the forme of
our marriage very well, in that a woman
is not syde to answere to any *Articles*
concerning questions of *Virginity*: Her
minde, her body, and clothes, are parcels
loosely tackt together, and for want of
good

Characters.

good utterance, shee perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Mistris and shee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can bee, either for loue or money. In briefe, these *Chambermaides* are like *Lotteries*: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

TO speake no otherwise of this *vermift rottemouse* then in truth and veritie hee is, I must define him to bee a dembre Creature, full of osall Sanctity, and mentall impietie; a faint obiect to the eye, but staine naught for the understanding: or else a violent thing, much given to contradiction. Hee will bee sure to bee in opposition with the *Papist*, though it bee sometimes accompanied with an absurdity;

Characters.

like the *Landers* neere adioyning vnto *China*, who salute by putting off their shooes, because the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time hee fast, it is vpon Sunday, and he is sure to feast vpon Friday. He can better affoord you tenne lies, than one oath, and dare commit any sinne gilded with a pretence of sanctity. Hee will not sticke to commit Fornication or Adulterie, so it bee done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his heart to lye with any whore, saue the whore of *Babylon*. To steale he holds it lawfull, so it be from the wicked & *Ægyptians*. He had rather see *Antichrist*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuseth sooner to bee false hanged, then see a legge at the name of *I E S U S*; or one stand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the Kitchin, rather then in the Church; and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinkes every Organist is in the state of damnation, and

Charact'rs.

and had rather heare one of *Robert Wise*,
dome Psalmes, then the best *Hymne* a
Cherubin can sing. Hee will not breake
winde without an *Apologie*, or asking for-
giuenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for
feare of lusting after her. He hath nick-
named all the Prophets and Apostles
with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but
Vertues for Daughters. Finally, he is so
sure of his saluation, that hee will not
change places in heauen with the *Virgin*
Mary, without boote,

An Innes of Court man.

HE is distinguished from a Schol-
ler by a paire of silke stockings,
and a Beauer Hat, which makes him
contemne a Scholler as much as a
Scholler doth a Schoolemaster. By that
he hath heard one mooting, and seene
two playes, hee thinkes as basely of the

Ynnerfute, as a young Sophister doth of the Grammer-schoole. Hee talkes of the Ynnerfute, with that state, as if hee were her Chauncellour; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an, *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeere. Hee will talke ends of *Latine* though it bee false, with as great confidence, as euer *Gacers* could pronounce an *Oration*, though his best authors for't bee *Ta-uernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behinde him: and the best grace in his behauour, is to forget his acquaintance.

Hee laughs at every man whose Band fits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and hee is ashamed to bee seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence placeth in his outside, and his chiefest priyer is, that his seuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and Velvet in the Winter. For his recreation,

Characters.

hee had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy house, onely to saine chases: and he holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall never see him melancholly, but when hee wants a new Suite, or feares a Sergeant: At which times onely, he betakes himselfe to *Play-das*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Justinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Justices*.

A mere fellow of an house.

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose minde soars aboue his purse. If hee hath read *Tacitus*, *Gutchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the late *Lord Treasurer*, for all the state-polie hee had;

Characters.

had ; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee never weares new cloaths, but against a Commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeere, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Pauls*, and obserue the fashion. Hee thinkes it a discredit to bee out of debt , which hee never likely cleares, without resignation money. Hee will not leauue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as heartily for a sealing , as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeere : yet commonly bee spends that reuenue before he receives it.

At meales, he sits in as great state ouer his *Pony-Commons*, as euer *Visellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If hee be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinks

Characters.

thinkes himselfe greater then euer *Cesar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather lose an inheritance then an Office, when he stands for it.

If he be to trauell, hee is longer furniſhing himselfe for a fife miles iourney, then a ſhip is rigging for a ſeven yeeres voyage. He is neuer more troubled, then when hee is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more absurdities, then a Clowne in eatting of an egge.

He thinkes himselfe as fine when hee is in a cleane band, and a new paire of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is first in a New-faſhion.

Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the *Universiſty*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A Warsby

Characters.

A worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one, that accounts learning the nourishment of military vertue, and layes that as his first foundation. Hee neuer bloodies his sword but in heat of battell; and had rather saue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill tenne of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deseruer arriues so timely, that his liberality can neuer be laid to be gowry-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man, and dare die in't. He doth not thinke his body yeelds a more spreading shadow after a victory then before; and when he lookest vpon his enemies dead body, tis a kinde of noble heauiness, not insultation; hee is so honourably mercifull to women in sur-

Characteris.

surprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazard of battels, nor the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers best Theaters, and strives to gaine reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatnessse of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge, and the last in retiing his foot. Equall toyle he endures with the Common Souldier: from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He vnderstands in warre, there is no meane to err twice; the first, and least fault beeing sufficient to ruine an Army: faulcs therefore he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his iustice. Beside him never so strictly, so long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make vse of a victory, as to get it, and pursuing his enemies like a whirle-winde carries all afore him; being assured, if euer a man will benefit himself vpon his soc, then is the time, when

Characters.

when they haue lost force, wisedome, courage, & reputation. The goodnesse of his cause is the speciall motiue to his valour; never is he knowne to slight the weakest enemy that comes arm'd against him in the hand of *Injustice*. Hasty and overmuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that will not suffer them to drue: if hee cannot overcome his *Enemy* by force, hee do's it by *Time*. If ever he shake hands with warre, he can dye more calmly then most Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue beeene as it were so many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *Cap a peau*. Hee vittens them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horsebacke. Hee casts a smiling contempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* should encounter *Adamant*. Hee thinkes warre is never to bee given ore, but on one of these three condicions: an assured *peace*, absolute *victory*,

Characters.

or an honest *death*. Lastly, when peace
folds him vp, his siluer head should leane
neare the golden Scepter, and dye in his
Princes bosome.

A vaine-glorious Coward
in Command

IS one, that hath bought his place, or
come to it by some Noble-mans let-
ter: hee loves a life dead payes, yet
wishes they may rather happen in his
Company by the scuruy, then by a bat-
tell. View him at a muster, and he goes
with such a noise, as if his body were the
wheele-barrow that cartied his iudge-
ment tumbling to dril his Souldiers:
No man can worse define betweene
Pride and noble *Courtesie*: hee that sa-
lutes him not so farre as a Pistoll carries
leuell, I giues him the *disgust* or *affront*,
chuse you whether. He traines by the
booke,

booke, and reckons so many postures of
the Pike and Musket, as if hee were
counting at Noddy. When he comes
at first vpon a Camisado, hee lookest like
the foure windes in painting, as if hee
would blow away the enemy; but at the
very first on-set suffers feare and trem-
bling to dresse themselues in his face
apparantly. He scornes any man should
take place before him: yet at the en-
tring of a *breach*, hee hath beeene so hum-
ble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant
lead his Troopes for him. He is so sure
armed for taking hurt, that hee seldom
does any: and while hee is putting on
his Armes, hee is thinking what summe
hee can make to satisfie his ransome.
He will rayle openly against all the great
Commanders of the aduerte party, yet in
his owne conscience allowes them for
better men: such is the nature of his
feare, that contrary to all other filthy
qualities, it shakes him thinke better of
another man then himselfe. The first
part of him that is set a running, is his

cannot repente, though hee view his graue
(before him) continually open: he hath so
little of his owne, that the house he sleepes
in is stolne; all the necessities of life hee
fiches; but one: hee cannot steale a
sound sleep, for his troubled conscience.
Hee is very gentle to those vnder him,
yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in
the world, for hee giveth licence to all
rape, murder, and ciuelty, in his owne
example: what hee gets, is small vse to
him, onely vnes by it, (somewhat the
longer) to doe a little more service to his
belly; for he throwes away his treasure
vpon the shone in riot, as if he cast it into
the Sea. He is a cruel Master that fliceth
all but his owne kindes; and as a wraught
never comes ashore but when shee is
wounded; so hee very seldom, but for
his necessities. He is the Merchant of boome,
that serueth onely to reckon vp his losses;
a perpesmall plague to noble traffique, the
Nurcan of the Sea, and the Earth quaker
the Exchange. Yet for all this giue him
but his pardon, and forgive him restitu-
tion,

Characters.

tion, he may live to know the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

201. ~~He is a man of a middle age, and~~

~~of a middle size, with a pale countenance,~~

~~and a thin, wrinkled, and somewhat~~

~~discoloured face. He is a man of few~~

~~and simple manners, and is not~~

~~much given to discourse, but is a man of~~

IS a fellow, that beside shewing of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beeue beaten to it. Flesh and blood hee is like other men; but surely nature meant him ~~Stockfish~~: his, and a Dancing-schoole, are inseparabile adjuncts, and are bound, though both stinke of fweate most abominably, neither shall hee complaine of annoyance: three large Barrows set vp his Trade, with a Bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoon) hee vses for his day-bed: for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make ~~Am~~: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge severall wayes, and

and

L a scrambles

Character's.

scrambles for money, as if he had bee ne
borne at the *Basbe* in *Somersetshire*: at
his challenge he shewes his metall; for
contrary to all rules of *Physicke*, he dare
bleede, though it bee in the dog-dayes:
hee teaches *Devillysh* play in's Schoole,
but when he fights himselfe, he doth it in
the feare of a good Christian. He com-
pounds quarrels among his Schollers,
and when he hath brought the businesse
to a good vpshot, hee makes the recko-
ning. His wounds are seldome aboue
skin-deepe, for an inward bruise, Lamb-
stones and sweet-breads are his onely
Sperma Ceti, which he eats at night, next
his heart fasting: strange Schoole-ma-
sters they are, that euery day set a man as
farre backward as he went forward; and
throwing him into a strange posture,
teach him to thresh *satisfaction* out of *in-
jurie*. One signe of a good nature is, that
hee is still open breasted to his friends:
for his foil, and his doublet, weare not
out aboue two buttons, and resolute hee
is, for he so much scornes to take blowes,
that

Characters.

that hee never weares *Coffes*; and hee
lives better contented with a little, than
other men; for if he haue two eyes in's
head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone
him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes
him a man, for that's his best time to
flourish. Lastly, these fencers are such
things, that care not if all the world were
ignorant of more letters then onely to
reade their Patent.

A Pusy-Clarke.

HEc is tane from *Grammer-schoole*
halfe codled, and can hardly
shake off his dreames of breeching in
a twelue moneth. Hee is a Farmers
sonne, and his fathers vtmost ambi-
tion is to make him an *Attorney*. He
doth itch towards a Poet, and greases
his breeches extremely with feeding
without a napkin. He studies false Dice

Characters.

to cheat Costermongers ; and is most chargeable to the Butler of some *Inns of Chancery*, for pissing in their greene pots. Hee eats Ginger-bread at a play-houſe ; and is so ſaucy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting-houſe, and hath it. He would never come to haue any wir, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how he ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt fasting ; and ſo he may ſup well on Friday nights, hee cares not though his master bee a *Puritane*. Hee practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a *Sewer* doth the dishes at a Niggards Table ; a Clarke of a swooping *Dash*, is as commendable as a Flanders horse of a large tail. Though you be never ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Master knave ; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe, and write a *Challenge* in Court-hand ; for it may be his owne another day. These are ſome certaine of his *Abrall faculties* ; but in the *Terrene time*, his *Gleg* is a *Buckhorn*.

Characters.

Boys. Lastly, which is great pity, he never comes to his full growth, with bearing on his shoulder the sinfull burden of his Master at severall Courts in Westminster.

Let him bee never so well made , yet
His Legges are not matches , for hee
Is still setting the best foote forward .
Hee will never be a staid man , for hee has
had a running head of his owne , ever
since his childe-hood . His mother
(which , out of question , was a light
heel'd ~~wench~~) knew it , yet let him runne
his race , thinking age would reclaime
him from his wilde courses . Hee is very
long winded ; and , without doubt , but
that he hates paternall to serue our horsh-
backe , where hee had proved an excellent
Trumpet . Hee has one happiness above

Characters.)

all the rest of the Seru'ngmen: for when he most ouer-reaches his Master, hee is best thought of. Hee liues more by his owne heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greatest fancy to him, when he is in his close trouses. Gardes he weares none; which makes him live more vpright than any grosse-gartered Gentleman-vsher. Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, cause a man must take it as he's running; onely this, Horses are vsually let blood on S. Stevens day: on S. Patricks he takes rest, and is drencht for all the yeare after.

eminent **A Noble and retired House**. had
another blues keeper laid aside, so laid
you will realize a split side must end

IS one whose bounty is limited by
reason, not affection; and to make
it last, hee dealeth it discreetly, as we
sowe the fayre, not by the facke, but
by

Characters.

by the handfull. His word and his mea-
ning never shake hands and part ; but al-
ways goe together. He can surray good,
and loue it, and loues to doe it himselfe,
for it owne sake, not for thankes. Hee
knowes there is no such misery as to out-
live good name ; nor no such folly as to
put it in practise. His minde is so secure,
that *thunder* rockes him asleepe, which
breaks other mens slumbers. *Nobility*
lightens in his eyes ; and in his face and
gesture is painted, *The god of Hospitality*.
His greate houses beare in their front
more durance, then state ; vnlesse this
adde the greater state to them, that they
promise to outlast much of our new
phantasticall building. His *heart* never
growes old, no more then his *memory*,
whether at his booke or on horsebacke ;
hee passeth his time in such noble exer-
cise, a man cannot say, any time is lost
by him : nor hath he onely *yeeres*, to
approue he hath lived till he be old, but
vertues. His thoughts haue a *high ayme*,
though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of*

Characteres,

an humble heart, whereto is by an astrologie
(that raises water to fall, that it may rise
the higher) he is heightned in his humi-
lity. The ~~aduantage~~ serves not for all
Sels, but this dōth for hee hath yaske
were, put a gird above the whole world,
and found all ~~ber~~ quick-sands. He hath
this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniurie,
How violent or sudden soever, they doe
not daunt him: for whether his time
call him to live or die, hee can doe both
nobly: if to fall, his descent is brest to
brest with vertue; and even then,
as like the ~~Sw~~ swendere his Ser, from
yond the he **world his clearest**: climing
yoner and all **conscience**. It is fitnesse
knowe and remembre on this 29 moneth
of May 1580: no 29 yeaold is to dyde
-no 29 oldor dñe of man: and this fleshe ~~29~~
fleshe of man: yea, and to mornes name, this
of mannes glorie: but then you: - mid yd
and blood of this boyl dead on mannes
maner deale a man entwachid: and
ye shall entwach and ymbrace him with thyndre
me.

Characters.

and (which is a deadly book) *dog
of foy*. *if he alwayes doth as he doth now*
Barfolomeus. *H*is honeste is bloud
and so *An Intruder into favour* *He* *doth*
now *as he did* *then* *and he doth now* *as he did*

IS one, that builds his reputation on
Others infamy: for flauder is most
commonly his morning prayer. His pas-
sions are guided by *Pride*, and followed
by *Injustice*. An inflexible anger against
some poore tutor, he faylly calls a *Cou-*
gious confancy, and thinks the best part of
gravity to consist in a ruffled forehead.
He is the most flauishly submisso; though
anxious to those are in better place then
himselfe, and knowes the Art of words
so well, that (not shrowding dishonesty
under a faire pretext) he seemes to pre-
ferre muddie in Chrystall. *H*Like a man
of a kinde nature, hee is the first good
to himselfe, in the nexte file, to his
French Taylor, that gives him all his per-
fection: for indeed, like an *Estridge*, or
Bird of Paradise, his feathers are more
worth then his body. If ever hee doe
good

Characters.

good deed (which is very seldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, lest it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *screves*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be given to musick, hee opens his chops, and *sings*, or with a wrie necke, fals to tuning his instrument : if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man : seeking thereby to encrease his owne. He pretends he is most vndeseruedly envied, and cries out, remembryng the game, *Chesse*, that a Pawne before a King is most playd on. Debts he owes none, but shrewd turnes, and those he payes ere he be sued. He is a flattering *Glaſe* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountaines Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face ; but come once to the top, he holds his nose vp into the wind, and shewes you his tayle : yet all this gay glitter, shewes on him, as if the Sunne shone
2003
in

Characters.

in a puddle; for hee is a small wine that will not fast, and when he is falling, he goes of himselfe faster then misery can drue him.

A faire and happy Milke-maid

IS a Country Wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hec is able to put all face-Physicke out of countenance. She knowes, a faire looke is but a *dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than outsidess of *Tissow*: for though she be not arraied in the spoyle of the *Silke-worme*, shew is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long abed, spoile

Characteris.

spoile both her complexion and condic-
tions; nature hath taught her, too immod-
erate sleepe is ruff to the Soule: shee rises
therefore with Chauncleare her Dames
Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe*
her *Corfew*. In milking a *Cow*, and strai-
ning the *Teates* through her fingers, it
seemes that so sweet a *Milke-presse*
makes the *Milke* the whiter, or sweeter;
for never came *Almond Gloue* or *Aroma-
tique Oynement* of her *Palme* to taint it.
The golden *cares* of come fall and kisse
her *feete* when shee *reapes* them, as if
they wist to be bound and led prisoners
by the same hand that scald them. Her
breath is her owne, which sentt all the
yeare long of *hant*, like a new made *Hay-
cocke*. She makes her hand hard with la-
bour, and her heart soft with pity: and
when winter evenings fall early (sitting
at her *mersy wheel*) shee sings a defiance
to the *giddy wheel* of *Fairstand*. She doth
all things with so sweet a grace, it seemes
ignorance will not suffer her to doe ill, be-
ing her minde is to doe well. Shee be-
stowes

Characters.

flowes her yeeres wages at next faire;
and in chusing her Garments, counts no
brauery i'th'world, like decency. The
Garden and ~~Bacchis~~ are all her *Physicke*
and *Cbyrurgerie*, and she liues the longer
for't. She dares goe alone, and vnsold
shee po' i'th'night, and feares no manner
of ill because she comethes none: yet to
saye truth, she is neuer alone; for she is still
accompanied with told *songs*, *bonys*,
thonges, and *praises*, abt shorrt ones; yet
they haue their effect, in that they are
not pauleed with fitfulle idle cogitations.
Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she
dares tell them: onely a Fridaies dream
telleth her *superstitioun*, that shee concealeth
for want of anger. Thus liues she, and all
her care is since may die in the *Springe*,
to haue store of flowers stucke vpon
her winding sheet.

which is to saye as follows
that a man shal be bound to pay
for his horse to blow him ground
when he cometh to him.

An Arras Horse-courser.

Hath the tricke to blow up Horses
flesh, as a Butcher doth Veal
which shall wash out againe in tyce
riding in *Wales* and *London*. The
Trade of Spurrs making had decayed
long since, but for this ungodly ryght
man. He is curst all over the countrey
High-wayes of England, just gone
but the blinde men that sell switches in the
Road are beholding to him. His Stab-
ble is fill'd with so many Diseases, that
would thinke the sti pert about Smith's
field were an Hospital for Horses, and
slaughter house of the Common hunte.
Let him furnish you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant
ouertooke you with ten miles to stay
your iourney. And though a man can-
not say, he coozens you directly; yet a
ny Ostler within teame miles, should hee
be

CHARACTERS.

bee brought vpon his Bookeoath , will affirme hee hath laid a bayt for you. Resolute when you first stretch your selfe in the stirrops , you are put as it were vpon some Vsurer , that will never beare with you past his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Collicke alight often, and (if example will cause him) make vrine; let him onely for that say, *Gra'mercy Horse*. For his sale of horses , he hath false couers for all manner of Diseases , onely comes short of osc thing (which hee despaires not vitterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse goe on a wooden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quicksiluer , and giveng him supposito-ries of liue Ecetes he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning he feares you will not bite; but he laughes in his sleeve, when he hath coozened you in earnest. French-men are his best Chapmen, hee keepes amblers for them on purpose , and knowes hee can deceive them very easilly. He is so constant to his Trade ,

M

that

that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when hee's asleepe, he dreames very fearefully of the pausing of Smithfield, for he knowes it would foun-
der his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

HIs life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuerthelesse makes many a Country Justice tremble. *Don Quixotes* Water-Milles are still Scotch Bag-pipes to him. He sends Challenges by word of mouth: for he protestes (as he is a Gentleman & a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through divers parcels of Land, and great houses, beside both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers; hee proclaims the *busynesse*, that's the word, the *busynesse*; as if the vnited forces of the

Romish.

Characters.

Romish Catholickes were making vp for Germany. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne ; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his owne Profession, that a *Woodcocke* must be pluckt ere he be drest. He is a *Supervisor* to Brothels, and in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentices on Shrovetuesday. He loues his Friend, as a Counsellour at Law loues the velvet Breeches hee was first made Barrester in, hee'll be sure to weare him thred-bare ere hee forsake him. He sleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth ; and his first prayer i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom hee fell out with ouer night. *Soldier* hee is none ; for hee cannot distinguish 'weene *Onion* seede and *Gunpowder* : if hee haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach, and so come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which hee holds his meanes is an estate at Will ; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but fourre

Characters.

Quarter-dayes; but hee three hundred and odde. Hee keepeſ very good Company, yet is a man of no reckoning: and when he goes not drunke to bed, he is very fiche next morning. He commonly diſes like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat, or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſomeſ that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking Tobacco.

A Drunken Dutchman resident in England

IS but a Quarter Master with his wife. Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were noynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in S. Katherines, and hee'l be puſt vp to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all places

Characters.

places of pleasure, he loves a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede bee ringed for rooting. Next to these hee effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his Will beforehand; when his hopes fall, hee's blanke. They swarne in great Tenements like Flies: sixe Households will live in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, and sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. Hee loves a Welshman extremely for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for pluralitie of consonants, and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Eeleskinne, and strip him, his infide outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his Wiues broth for a consumption, and loves the memorie of King Henry the 8, most especially for his old Soueraignes.

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He sayes we are vnwise to lament the decay of Timber in England : for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoever , hee desires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude , the onely two plagues hee trembles at, is small Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improvident young Gallant.

There is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to bee made a puppy : view him well, and you'll say his Gentry sits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to ſend money to, then the Diuell hath to ſend his ſpirits : and to furnish each Miftrefſe, would make him run beſides his wits, if he had any to loſe. He accounts

Characters.

accountes bashfulnes the wickedſt thing in the world ; and therefore ſtudies Impudencē. If all men were of his minde, all honesty would be out of fashion : he withers his Cloathes on a Stage , as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his ſutes in Birchin-lane ; and when the Play is done, if you marke him riſing, ti's with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may paſſe for currant: he ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keepe three the nimbleſt Barbers in the Towne, from euer hauing leiuſure to weare new Garters : for when they haue to do with him, they haue many Irons in th' fire. Hee is trauelled, but to little purpose ; onely went over for a ſquirt, and came backe againe , yet neuer the more mended in his conditiōns , 'cause hee carried himſelfe along with him : a Scholler hee pretends himſelfe, and ſayes he hath ſweat for it : but the truthe is, hee knowes *Cornelius* farre better than *Tacitus* : his ordinary ſports

Characters.

are Cock-fights: but the most frequent, horse races, from whence hee comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes downe into the Countrey, where he is brought to milke and white cheese like the *swines*.

John of Gaunt, a man, which when hee
was a knave, was called *John of Gaunt*.

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was a knave, was called *John of Gaunt*.

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was a knave, was called *John of Gaunt*.

A B U T T O N M A K E R of
Holland at *Amsterdam*, a blouey that
griseth his spott, by reason of his naughtie
I Stone that is fled ouer for his Con-
science, and left his wife and children
upon the Parish. For his knowledge, he
is meereley a *Herme-booke* without a
Christ-crosse afore it, and his zeale con-
sists much in hanging his *Bible* in a
Dutch button: hee coozens men in the
purity of his cloathes: and twas his on-
ly ioy when he was on this side, to be in
Prison: hee cries out tis impossible for
any man to bee damn'd, that lives in his
Reli-

Characters.

Religion, and his equiuocation is true. & long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the question. Of all Feasts in the yeare, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feast the prophanest, because of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet sometime hee doth ſacrifice to his owne belly; prouided, that he put off the Wake of his owne nativity, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there bee a great Feast in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as hee calls them) be there, he will be ſure to bee a guest, and to ouate firſt of the fattest *Bangers*: he thinkes, though he may not pray with a *few*, he may eat with a *few*: hee winkeſ when he prayes, and thinkes hee knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that he can finde it blindfold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beast* with ſeven heads; and when he ſpeakes of his owne Countrey, cries hee is fled out of *Babel*. Lastly, his deuotion is *Obſcenitie*, the onely ſolace of his heart, *Controſtation*, and this maime end *Hypocrifie*, and all this b'ndyng and ſhewing *A diſſerter* obſcure.

Characters.

A distaster of the Time

IS a *Winter Grasshopper* all the yeere
Along that lookes backe vpon *Haruest*,
with a leane paire of cheekes, never lets
forward to meet it : his malice suckes vp
the greatest part of his owne venome,
and therewith empoysoneth himselfe :
and this sicknesse rises rather of *selfe. opinion*,
or ouer-great expectation ; so in the
conceit of his owne ouer-worthinessse,
like a *Cosifrell*, hee striues to fill himselfe
with winde, and flyes against it. Any
mans aduancement is the most capitall
offence that can bee to his malice : yet
this envy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that
a torment, first for himselfe, he prepared
for others : he is a *Day-bed for the Disell*
to slumber on ; his blood is of a yellow-
ish colour ; like those that haue beeene
bitten by *Vipers* ; and his gaule flowes as
thicke in him as oyle in a poyson'd sto-
macke.

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macke. He infects all societie, as thunder sowres wine : warre or peace, dearth or plenty, makes him equally discontented. And where hee findes no cause to taxe the State, he descends to raile against the rate of Salt-butter. His wishes are *whirlwindes* ; which breath'd forth, returne into himselfe, and make him a most giddy and tottering vessell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, hee doth but walke in his sleepe, for his visitation is directed to none ; his businesse is nothing. He is often dumbe-mad, and goes fester'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can bee of all religions ; therefore truely of none. Thus by vnnaturalizing himselfe, some would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but hee is not greatly to be fear'd: for this dejection of his, is onely like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere

Characters.

A meere fellow of an House

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne ; and is so kinde natured to himselfe , he findes fault with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparel much after the fashion ; his meanes will not suffer him come too nigh : they afford him *Mockvelvet*, or *Satinisco* ; but not without the Colledges next leases acquaintance : his inside is of the selfe-same fashion, not rich : but as it reflects from the glasse of selfe-liking , there *Crasius* is *True* to him. He is a *Pedant* in shew, though his title be *Tutor* ; and his *Pupils* , in broader phrase, are *schoole-boyes*. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue ; and with senselesse discourse towes them alone , not out of ignorance. Hee shewes them the rinde, conceales the sap : by this meanes hee keeps them the longer, himselfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and spit, and blow

blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory : and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron ; neither ebbes nor flowes , but iust standing wa- ter , betweene *Protestants* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralitie of Benefi- ces and Non-residency ; and when he rises , acts a long Grace to his looking- glasse. Against he comes to bee some great mans Chaplaine, he hath a habit of boldnesse, though a very Coward. He speakes swords, Fights *Ergo's* : His pace on foot is a measure ; on horse backe a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horse and spurres are borrowed. He hath lesse vse then possession of Bookes. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest Author by his name ; nor so vnskill'd in the Herauldry of a study, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellow- ship, and begins another.

A meere Pettyfogger

IS one of Samsons Fexes: Hec sets men together by the eares, more shamefullly then Pillories; and in a long vacation his sport is to goc a fishing with the Penall statutes. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you see it, onely writs of error are the Tariers that keepes his Client vndaing somewhat the longer. He is a vestrie-man in his Parish, and easily sets his neighbour at variance with the Vicar, when his wicked Connell on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a Fencer, whereby they get blowes, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to Under-Shrineship; which hauing thrice runne through, hec do's not feare the Lieutenant o'th'Shire: nay more, he feares not God. Cowardise holds him a good Commonwealths man; his penne is the plough, and parchement

ment the Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curses. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole ; to haue halfe in the County breake their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conscience. Hee would wish (though he be a *Brownist*) no neighbour of his should pay his Tithes duly, if such Sutes held continual Plea at *Westminster*. He cannot away with the reverend Service in our Church, because it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extremely, and hath his *Cbyrurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, to incense the furie : hee would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good piece of money. Hee makes his Will in forme of a Law-caske, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing else, yet) for the vexation of Law, may haue cause to rememb'r him. And if hee thought the ghosts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Poperie) sure hee would
hide

hide some single money in *Westminster Hall*; that his spirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I wil pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him, That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer since his first practising of Court-hand.

An Ingroffer of Corne.

THERE is no vermine in the Land like him, hee slanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cause of scarfity. His hoarding in a deere yeere, is like *Erisichon's* Bowels in *Ouid*: *Quodque urbibus off,*
quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit vni. He prayes daily for more inclosures, and knowes no reason in his Religion, why wee should call our forefathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely because they sold Wheate for twelue pence a bushell. He wishes that *Danske* were at the *Moluccos*; and had rather bee
 cer-

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certaine of some forraine inuasion, then of the setting vp of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) hee will buy halfe a bushell i'th' Market to serue his Houshold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, lest, as the Chaffe throwne vpon the water, shew'd plenty in Ægypt; so his (carried by the winde) should proclaime his abundance. No painting pleases him so well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seuen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that he has in his Parlour, which hee will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarcitie. Hee cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perswaded (and not much amisse) that tis a sparer of bread-corne; which hee could finde in's heart to transport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet smels he cannot abide; wishes that the pinte aire were generally corrupted: nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancy for euer,

N

or

Characters.

or we our superfluous sense of smelling, (as he tearmes it) that his Corne might not be found musty. The Poore he accounts the Justices intelligencers, & cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of discouering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kind of instinct, he bindes Prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a deare yecre in's belly, and rauins bread extremely: when he comes to be a free-man (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A desillish Vsurer

IS sowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-seede*, with curses; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is farre better read in the *Parcell Statutes*, then the Bible; and his cuill

Characters.

euill angell perswades him, he shal sooner be saued by them. He can bee no mans friend, for all men he hath most interest in, he vndoes: and a double dealer he is certainly; for by his good will, hee euer takes the forfeit. He puts his money to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the superuisor Bawd to't. Good Deedes he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered: nor doth hee wish any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hives; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinkes hee might bee drawne to loue a Scholler, could hee reduce the yeere to a shorter compasse, that his vse money might come in the faster. He seemes to be the son of a Taylor, for all his estate is in most heauy & cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but sell daies of painment, and those at the rate of a mans vndooing: he doth onely feare the day of Iudgement should fall sooner, than the painment of some great sum of money due to him: he remoues his lodging when a subfidie comes; and if

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hee bee found out, and pay it, hee grumbles Treason; but tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches raise their spirits in. Grauity hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundredth pound take one light sixepence: and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Jakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falleth into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the *Chaucerie*: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abollish: hee hides his money as if hee thought to finde it againe at the last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should hee liue to be hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his case. The Table hee keepes is able to sterue twenty tall men; his seruants

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uants haue not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A spare diet hee commends in all men, but himselfe: he comes to Cathedrals onely for loue of the singing-boyes, because they looke hungry. He likes our Religion best, because tis best cheape ; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, 'cause 'twas of his Trade, and brought in so much money : his heart goes with the same snaphance his purse doth, tis sel-dome open to any man : friendship hee accounts but a word without any signification ; nay, hee loues all the world so little, that and it were possible, he would make himselfe his owne Executor : for certaine, he is made Administrator to his owne good name while hee is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him ; but he is so far from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it stinke aboue ground. In conclusion, for neighbourhoud, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather Surfet, the Pox, or despaire,

Charaeters.

for seldome such as he die of Gods making, as honest men should do.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwaies hee names himselfe, *The first Man*. If he had betane himselfe to some richer Trade, he could not haue choos'd but done well: For in this (though it be a meane onc) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is euermore telling strange Newes, most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, hee'l equiuocate & sweare he's a single man. Little trust is to be giuen to him, for he thinkes that day he does best, when he fetches most men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Art of dissembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he lookes: he keepes such a bawling at Westminster, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be

Characters.

be tane with him. When he is vpon the Water, he is Fare-company : when hee comes ashore , he mutinies ; and contrary to all other Trades, is most surly to Gentleinen, when they tender payment. the Play-houses onely keepe him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noones man. London-bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Press'e* , makes him flye from the Riuier; nor any thing, but a *great Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

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A Reverend Judge

IS one that desires to haue his greatness, onely measu'rd by his goodnes: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them bee ; and to bee himselfe such as he appeares ; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatnessse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect ; but withall, that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder : and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, fit and censure the actions of those in authority : he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pitty : hee wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are multuarie, he vnderstands their institution not to bee like briers or Springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of ; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoide the shipwracke

Characters.

wracke of ignorant passengers : he hates to wrong any man ; neither hope, nor despaire of preferment can draw him to such an exigent : hee thinkes himselfe then most honourably seated when hee gives mercy the vpper hand : hee rather striues to purchase good name, then land ; and of all rich stuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there hee deliuers his minde plainly, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to haue lesse credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honour keepes peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forsake him, and goe backe with the Heraulds : but fairely sits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A virtuous

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A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the supplanting of her husbād. For her childrens sake shee first marries, for she married that she might haue children, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest Gold, only employed for Princes medals, shee neuer receiues but one mans impression; the large ioynture moues her not, titles of honor cannot sway her. To change her name, were (shee thinkes) to commit a sinne shuld make her asham'd of her husbands calling. She thinkes she hath traueld all the World in one man; the rest of her time therefore she directs to heauen. Her maine superstition is, she thinkes her husbands ghost would walke, should she not performe his Will: she would do it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. Shee giues much

Characters.

much to pious vses, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another, so is shee wrought into workes of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She liues to see her selfe full of time; being so necessarie for earth, God calls her not to heauen, till she be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall strength faile her, she stands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the lesse it growes to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heauen. This latter Chastity of hers, is more graue and reverend, then that ere she was married: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealousie. She ought to be a mirrour for our yongest Dames to dressse themselues by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neare her; for in suffering the losse of her Husband, she accounts all the rest trifles. Shee hath laid his dead bodie in the worthiest monument that can bee: She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any superstition

Characters.

tion in the world, though she will not be
kist, yet may be reverenc't.

An ordinary Widow

IS like the Heralds Hearse-cloth ; she serues to many funerals , with a very little altering the colour . The end of her Husband begins in teares ; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband . Shee vses to cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue , and never marries without the consent of sixe Midwiues . Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors ; and by them shee gaines : for one serues to draw on another , and with one at last shee shoothes out another , as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes . Shee commends to them a single life , as Horsecoursers doe their Iades , to put them away . Her fancy is to one of the biggest of

Characters.

of the Guard, but Knighthood makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her seruants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that summon any to this combate; by them shee gaines much credit, but loseth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama est mendax.* If she lieue to be thrice married, shee seldome failes to coozen her second Husbands Creditors. A Churchman she dare not venture vpon; for she hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though hee haue Candle-rents in the Citie, for his estate may bee subiect to fire: very seldome a Lawyer, without he shewes his exceeding great practise, and can make her case the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow: euer prouided, that most part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lie conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, she falles off her selfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchase, for the title is crack't

Characters.

crack't. Lastly, while she is a Widdow, obserue her, she is no morning woman: the euening, a good fire, and sacke, may make her listen to a husband: and if euer she be made sure, tis vpon a full sto. macke to bed-ward.

A Quacksaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger Bill than I a Taylor; if he can but come by names enow of Diseases to stufte it with, tis all the skill he studies for. He tooke his first beginning from a Cunning woman, and stole this blacke Art from her, while he made her Seacoale fire. All the diseases euer sinne brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with rayling against such, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly

Characters.

friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fish-wiues at Funerals, he vters a most abominable deale of *Carduus water*, and the Conduits cry out, All the Learned Doctors may cast their Cappes at him. Hee parts stakes with some Apothecarie in the Suburbes, at whose house he lies: and though he be never so familiar with his wife, the Apothecarie dare not (for the richest horne in his Shop) displease him. All the Mid-wiues in the Towne are his Intelligencers; but Nurses and young Merchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with childe) these are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniust Bone-setter, than a Dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes than the small Poxe; made more deafe than the *Cataracts of Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowte, shrunk more sinews than one that makes Bow-strings, & kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to loue a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a Farrier. His discourse is vomit, and his ignorance,

Characters.

rance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delayes and doubles, then a Hare, or a Law-suit: hee seekes to set vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee shall want diseases, hee'l beget them. * His especiall practice (as I said afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes sicke, ère their bodies feele it, and then ther's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and sure hee gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a Jugler with Vrinals, so dangerously vnskilfull, that if euer the City will haue recourse to him for diseases that need purgation, let them employ him in scouring *Moore-ditch*.

A Canting

Characters.

A Canting Rogue.

Is not vnlikely but he was begot by some Intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholly giuen to trauell. Hee is not troubled with making of Ioyntures; he can diuorce himselfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouer-seers of his Will. He leaves his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a constant tongue; the Northerne speech differs from the South, Welsh from the Cornish: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by conquest of the *Saxon, Dane, or Norman*. Hee will not beg out of his limit though hee sterue; nor breake his oath if hee sweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his custome as truely to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is payd to the great Turke. The

March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians* ; for then beginnes his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot indure him, for hee is of the Infantry, and serues best on foot. He offendes not the Statute against the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lye in a Barne together, yet are never sued vpon the Statute of Inmates. If he were learned, no man could make a better description of *England* ; for he hath trauel'd it ouer and ouer. Lastly, hee brags, that his great houses are repaired to his hands, when Churches go to ruine : and those are prisons.

A French

Characters.

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garison neere famish't, where hee practised to make a little goe farre; some drue it from more antiquity, and say *Adam* (when he pickt sallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feede the belly, but the Palate and though his command lie in the Kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you finde him a very sawcy companion. Euer since the warres in *Naples*, hee hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation should keepe a perpetuall diet. The Seruicingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truely said to be no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his seruants are starued by him. He is the prime cause why Noble-

Characters.

men build their houses so great, for the fmalnesse of their Kitchin, makes the house the bigger: and the Lord calls him his Alchymist that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, mushrooms, or any thing: that which he dresses we may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet he is so full of varietie, that he brags, and truly, that he giues you but a taste of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for sure they would quarter and bake him after the English fashion; hee's such an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, he were onely fit to make a fun-
rall feast, where men should
eat their victuals in
mourning.

A Sexim

Characters.

blod flow'd a greate deale
that hee did this. And when hee did this
a good shalfe was drownd in water and hee
was neare dead. *A Sexton*

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of
all Procurers, hee cannot endure to
heare that which saies, We ought to live
by the quicke, not by the dead. He could
willingly all his life time bee confinde to
the Church-yard; at least within fioe
foot on't: for at every Church stile, com-
monly ther's an Ale house; where let
him be found neuer so idle pated, hee is
still a graue drunckard. He breakes his fast
heartilest while hee is making a graue,
and saies the opening of the ground
makes him hungry. Though one would
take him to bee a Sloven, yet hee loues
cleane linnen extremely; and for that
reason takes an order that fine holland
sheetes be not made wormes meat. Like
a Nation called the *Cusani*, hee weepes
when any are borne, and laughes when
they die: the reason; he gets by Burials

Characters.

not Christnings : he will hold argument
in a Tauerne ouer Sacke , till the Diall
and himselfe be both at a stand: hee ne-
uer obserues any time but Sermon time,
and there he sleepes by the houre-glassse.
The Rope-maker payes him a pension,
and hee payes tribute to the Physician;
for the Physician makes worke for the
Sexton, as the Ropemaker for the Hang-
man. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-dayes
would last all yeere long : and a great
plague is his yeere of Iubilee.

A Iefuise

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to
feed with the Deuill , then any other
Order : vnclaspe him , and hee's a gray
Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-
head: so superstitiously he followes the
Pope, that he forsakes Christ, in not gi-
ving *Cesar* his due. His vowes seeme
heauenly ; but in medling with State-
busynesse,

Charatters.

businesse, he seemes to mixe heaven and earth together. His best Elements, are Confession and Penance : by the first, he findes out mens inclinations ; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He sprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier ; and though he were found out long since the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thought hee hath not done leſſe mischiefe. He is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Bishops. His order is full of irregu-
larity and diſobedience ; ambitious aboue all measure ; for of late dayes, in *Portu-
gall* and the *Indies*, he reieected the name of Iesuite, and would be called Disciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that give him freedome, he weares a Maſke vpon his heart; in *England* he ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Characters.

Chamber: the modesty of the *Parson*.
~~h~~ hath onely forborne the bed, and so
~~h~~ mist him. There is no Disease in Chri-
~~h~~ stendome, that may so properly be call'd
~~h~~ *The Kings Evil*. To conclude, would you
~~h~~ know him beyond Sea? In his Semina-
~~h~~ ry, hee's a Fox; but in the Inquisition, a
~~h~~ Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

VV Hatfocuer is commendable to
the graue Orator, is most ex-
quisitely perfect in him; for by a full
and significant action of body, hee
charmes our attention; sit in a full Thea-
ter, and you will thinke you see so
many lines drawne from the circumfe-
rence of so many eares, whiles the
Actor is the *Center*. He doth not strive
to make nature monstrous, shew is often
seen in the same Scene with him, but
neither

Characters.

neither on Stilts nor Crutches ; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter ; nor lowder then the Foile or Target. By his action hee fortifies morall preceptis with examples ; for what wee see him personate, wee thinke truely done before vs : a man of a deepe thoughts might apprehend the ghost of our ancient *Heroes* walkes againe, and take him (at severall times) for meay of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whosht that make him an excellent Player, and his playing an exquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours : for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnsit time either for studie or bodily exercisle. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde Beasts, either of them are delights noble : but some thinke this sport of men the worther, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation : and indeed,

Characters.

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially : this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile : A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precifian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the oare; I should not minde the drosse but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

Charatters.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient Yeoman
of England, though his inside
may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herald.
There is no truer seruant in the House
then himselfe. Though hee be Master
he sayes not to his seruants, goe to field,
but let vs goe ; and with his owne eye,
doth both fatten his flocke, and set for-
ward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is
taught by nature to bee contented with
a little ; his owne fold yeelds him both
food and rayment : hee is pleas'd with
any nourishment God sends , whilst
curious gluttonie ransackes , as it were ,
Noahs Arke for food, onely to feed the
riot of one meale. He is nere knowne
to goe to Law ; vnderstanding , to bee
Law-bound among men , is like to bee
hide-bound among his beasts ; they
thriue not vnder it : and that such men
sleepe

Charaders.

sleepe as vnquietly, as if their pillowes
were stufft with Lawyers pen-knives,
When he builds, no poore Tenants cot-
tage hinders his prospect: they are in-
~~deed this~~ Almes-houses, though there be
painted on them no such superscription.
Honester sits vpp late, but when he hunts
the Badger, the vowed foe of his
Eambes: nor vses hee any cruelty; but
when he hunts the Hare, nor subtily but
when he setteth snares for the Snire, or
pitfals for the Blacke-bird; nor oppres-
sion, but when in the moneth of Iuly, he
goes to the next Riuver, and sheares his
sheepe. He allowes of honest pastime,
and thinkes not the bones of the dead
myghting bruised, or the worse for it,
though the countrey Lasses dance in the
Churche-yard after Euen-song. Rocke
Monday, and the Wake in Summer,
Shrovetide, the wakefull ketches on
Christmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed cake,
these he yeerely keepes, yet holds them
no reliques of Popery. He is not so in-
quisitive after newes deriuied from the
priuie

privie clozet, when the finding answery
of Hawkes in his owne ground, or the
foaling of a Colt come of a good traine,
are tydings more pleasant, more profit-
able. Hee is Lord paramount within
himselfe, though he hold by never so
meane a Tenure ; and dyes the more
contentedly (though he leau'd his heire
young) in regard he leau's him not lia-
ble to a couetous Guardian. Lastly, to
end him ; hee cares not when his end
comes, he needs not feare his Audit, for
his *Quicetus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a follow whose face is hatcht all
ouer with impudence, and should hee
bee hang'd or pilloried tis armed for
it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet
practiseth the Art of most vncleanely
con-

CHARACTERS.

conveyance. He doth boggle very often, and because himselfe winkes at it, thinkes tis not perceiued: the maine thing that ever hee did, was the tune hee sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pittifull, no not an Ape-carriar, hee is not worth thinking of, and therefore I must leau him as nature left him: a Dunghill not well laid together.

?

A Conscience

A Conscous man.

This man would loue honour and adored God, if there were an L. more in his name : Hee hath coffinde vp his soule in his chests before his body ; He could wish he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymicall quality . At the grant of a new subfudie he would gladly hang himselfe were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take money vp- on vse when he heares of a priuy feale. His morning prayer is to ouer-looke his bagges, whose euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his studies, which are how to cozoen this Tenant, begger that Widdow, or to vndoe some Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'd by heart ; and if he cuer pray, it is some one may breake his day , that the beloued forfiture may bee obtained .. His vse is doubled,

CHARACTERS.

doubled, and no one sixpence begot or borne, but presently by an vntimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney must not bee acquainted with fire for feare of mishance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him, hee gets him heat with looking on, and sometime remooving his aged wood-pile, which he meaneſt to leaue to many descents till it hath ouerliued all the woodſ of that Country. He never spends candle but at Christmas (when he has them for new yeres gifts) in hope that his ſervants will breake glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts, and he conceiues no ſin which hee dare not let ſafe onely left, from which hee abstaines for feare hee ſhould bee charged with keeping Baſtards: once a yere he feaſts, the reliques of which meale ſhall ſerue him the next quarter. In his talke he raiſes againſt eating of breakefaſts, drinking betwixt meales, and ſweates he is impouerifiſhed with

Characters.

with paying of tythes. Hee had rather haue the frame of the world fall, then the price of Corne. If he chance to trauell, he curses his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithfull cloake bag is sure to take care for his prouision. His nights are as troublesome as his dayes, every Rat awakes him out of his vnquiet sleepes. If he haue a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in Hungary, or might follow the custome of that country, that all her portion might bee a wedding Gowne. If he fall sicke, he had rather die a thousand deaths, than pay for any phisicke: and if he might haue his choyce, he would not go to heauen but on condition he may put money to vse there. In fine, he liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to haste after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a qualitie that condemnes euery one besides his master, who when he weares new cloathes, thinkes himselfe wrong'd if they be not obseru'd, imitated, and his discretion in the choice of his fashion and stiffe applauded: when hee vouchsafes to blesse the ayre with his presence, hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin suit will give him leaue, and euery passenger he viewes vndet the eye-browes, to obserue whether hee vailes his bonnet low enough, which hee returns with an Imperious Nod: He neuer salutes first, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knowes his owne station; which if it chance to lose, it is checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Common wealth out of order, then the least member

Characters.

ber of his Muchato, and chooses rather to lose his patrimony, than to haue his band ruffled; at a feast if he be not placed in the highest seate, he eats nothing, howsoeuer, he drinkeſ to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiarity. He professeth to keepe his stomacke for the Pheasant or the Quaile, and when they come, he can eate little he hath beene ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourse, he talkes of none but Priuy Councillors, and is as prone to be-lye their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies fauor; if he haue but twelue-pence in his purſe, he wil giue it for the beſt roome in a play-houſe. He goes to Sermons, onely to ſhew his gay cloathes, and if on other inferiour dayes he chance to meeete his friend, he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſuite.

Characters.

A Prison.

IT should be Christ's Hospital: for most of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept vpon Almes. Charities house and this, are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is heere praise-worthy, for men in this persecution cannot chuse but prove good Christians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs, and suffer for the trueth. And yet it is so cursed a piece of Land, that the sonne is ashamed to be his fathers heire in it. It is an infected pest-house all the yeere long: the plague sores of the Law, are the diseases heere hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Attorneys & Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord haue mercy vpon vs,* may well stand ouer these doores, for debt

Characters.

debt is a most dangerous and catching City pestilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moore-fields, (by reason the madmen are so neere) but the crosses here and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe so sweet an ayre. For it is the dunghill of the law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, and the nasty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts, by which meanes it comes to be a perfect medall of the iron Age, sithence nothing but gingling of keyes, rattling of shackles, bolts, and grates are heere to be heard. It is the horse of Troy, in whose wombe are shut vp all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnlesse in prisoners bellies) is here truly to be proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it selfe, for the arrantest coward breathing, being posted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable stomacke. Does any man desire to learne musicke? every man heere sings *Lachrymae* at first sight, and is hardly out; hee runnes diuision vpon every

Characters.

note, & yet (to their commendations be it spoken) none of them (for all that division) doe trouble the Church. They are no Anabaptists ; if you aske vnder what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermoodas* and it are both vnder one and the same height. And whereas some suppose that this Island (like that) is haunted with diuels, it is not so: for those diuels (so talked of, and feared) are none else but hoggish Taylors. Hither you neede not sayle, for it is a ship of it selfe : the Masters side is the vpper decke. They in the common Iayle lye vnder hatches, and helpe to ballast it. Intricate cases are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiasses the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Mast, Law the helme, a Judge the Pylot, a Councel the Purser, an Atturney the Boatswaine, his fleetting Clearke the Swabber, Bonds the waues, Out-lawries gulfs, the Verdicts of Iuries rough windes, Extents the Rockes that split all in pieces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet this and a ship differ not much in the building ;

Characters.

building ; the one is a mouing miserie, the other a standing. The first is seated on a Spring, the second on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdie-house, or a Bawdy-house of it : for nothing is to be seene (in any roome) but scuruy beds and bare walles. But (not so much to dishonour it) it is an Vniuersitic of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefly studied : To pray, to curse, and to write Letters.

A Prisoner

IS one that hath beene a monied man, and is still a very close fellow ; whosoeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall finde him as fast a friend as any in England : he is a sure man, and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this

Characters.

creature: he dwels on the backe side of the World, or in the Suburbes of societie, and liues in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; and This vnder it. At his first comming in, he is a *piece of new coyne*, all sharking olde prisoners lye sucking at his purse. An olde man and hee are much alike, neyther of them both goe farre. They are still angry, and peevish, and they sleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of Languages is onely in his mouth. All the Vacations, he speakes as good English, as any man in England, but in *Tearme times* he breaks out of that hopping one.legg'd pace, into a racking trot of *Issues, Billes, Replications, Reioynders, Demurres, Quereles, Subpenaes, &c.* able to fright a simple Countrey-fellow, and make him beleue he Coniures. Whatsoeuer his Complexion was before, it turnes (in this place) to *Choller or deepe Melan-*

Characters.

Melancholly, so that hee needs every
houre to take Physick to lose his bo-
dy, for that (like his estate) is verie *foule*
and *corrupte*, and extremely *hard bound*.
The taking of an *Execution* off his sto-
macke, giues him fise or six stooles, and
leaves his body very soluble. The *with-
drawing* of an *Action*, is a *Vomit*. He
is no sound man, and yet an vitter Bar-
rester (nay, a Sargeant of the Case) will
feede heartily vpon him, hee is very
good picking meate for a Lawyer.
The Barber Surgeons may (if they will)
begge him for an *Anatomie* after he hath
suffered an *Execution*, an excellent Le-
ture may be made vpon his bodie: for
he is a kinde of dead carkasse, *Creditors*,
Lawyers, and *Taylors* deuoure it: *Creditors*
pecke out his eyes with his owne teares,
Lawyers flay off his owne skinne, and
lappe him in parchment, and *Taylors* are
the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his
very heart. He is a bond-slave to the
Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper
in *London*) yet he cannot with safe con-
science

Charaters.

ence write himselfe a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of fiuе or fixe colours, this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curseth the time that euer he saw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *suste* it selfe of *durance*, and the *hose* full of long Paines. He hath many other lasting suits, which he himselfe is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not halfe so glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Pisces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeere long) in troublesome and laborious *motions*, and *Westminster Hall* is his *Spheare*. Hee liues betweene the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* & *Capricorne*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purse*, and *hormes* for his *head* if his wiues heeles bee light. If hee be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* so soone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatsoeuer they bare before, here they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he lyes

Characters.

lies by it, he's trauelling ore the *Alps*, and the hearts of his creditors are the snowes that lye vnmelted in the middle of Summer. Hee is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes speakes of faire Weather. Of all the files of men he marcheth in the last, and comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world. He hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a Wood full of *wolues*, and nothing so hard as to *get away*, without being deuoured. He that walkes from six to six in *Pauls*, goes still but a quoites cast before this man.

A Creditor

Characters.

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deuca-
lions* sons begotten of a stone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye crosse-legg'd do much resemble him, sa-
uing that *this* is a little more *crosse*. Hee wears a forfeited band vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welshman* does a *Leek* on *S. Davids* day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught, for the newes that such a gallant's come yesternight to Towne, drawes out of him both muscadel and mony too. He saies the *Lords* *praier* *back-
wards*, or (to speak better of him) he hath a *Pater noster* by himself, & that particle, *Forgive us our debts, as we forgive others,* &c. he either quite leauue out, or els leaps ouer it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conscience. He is the *Bloud-bound* of the law and hunts *counter*, very swiftly & with great iudgement. He hath a *quick
sent*

Characters.

sent to smell out his game, and a good
deepe mouth to pursue it, yet neuer opens
till he bites, and bites not but hee *killes*,
or at least drawes *blood*, and then he *pin-*
cheteth most *doggedly*. Hee is a Lawyers
Moyle, and the onely Beast vpon which
he *ambles* so often to Westminster. And
a Lawyer is his God *Almighty*, in *him* on-
ly he trusts, to *him* he flyes in all his trou-
bles, from *him* he seekes succour; to *him*
he prayes, that hee may by his meanes
ouercome his enemies: *Him* does hee
worship both in the *Temple* and *abroad*,
and hopes by *him* and good *Angels*, to
prosper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is
his *Farriar*, and helps to recover all his
diseased and maimed Obligations. Eue-
ry Tearme bee sets vp a *Tenters* in West-
minster Hall, vpon which he rakes and
stretches Gentlemen like English *broad-*
cloth, beyond the staple of the Wooll,
till the threds cracke, and that canfeth
them with the least wet to shrinke, and
presently to weare *bare*: Marrie he
handles a Cittizen (at least if himselfe
be

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be one) like a piece of *Spaniſh clothe*, gives him onely a twitch, and straines him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himselfe*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke and bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather then faile, he takes ten groats i'th'pound for his *ransom*, and so lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hillary* to th'end of *Michaelmas*, his purse is full of *Quick-siluer*, and that sets him running from *Sun-rise* to *Sun-set*, vp *Fleetstreete*, and so to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Westminster*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Attorny*, then to a *Counsellour*, and in euery of these places, hee melts some of his *fas* (his money.) In the vacation hee goes to *grasse*, and gets vp his *fleſh* againe, which hee bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnlesſe he could be ſau'd by his book, he cannot for his heart call for a *Pſalme of mercy*.

He

Characters.

He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax ; the fearefull *Mice* he catches, are debtors, with whom *scratching Attorneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *monze* them. The *belly* is an *unfa-
tiable creditor*, but *man* worse.

A Sergeant

Was once taken (when hee bare office in his parish) for an honest man. The spawne of a *deceased Shop-kee-
per* begets this *Fry* ; out of that *dangbille* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a *Diuell* made somtimes out of one of the twelue Companies, and does but study the part and rehearse it on earth, to bee perfect when he comes to act it in hel: that is his stage. The *hangman* and he are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without issue (as commonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow

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widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gowne*, made at first to couer his knauery, but that growing too monstrous, hee now goes in Buffe: his *Conscience* and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughnesse. The *Counter gate* is his *ken nell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the miserie of a poore man (but especially a badde liver) is the *Offalles* on which he feedes. The *Deuill* cals him his *white Sonne*; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and hee takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast as the other *tortures soules*. *Money* is the *Crust* hee leapes at: *Crie, a Ducke a Ducke*, and hee plundges not in so eagerly as at this. The *dogges chaps waser* to fetch nothing else: hee hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, looke you *Rogue* here is money. He goes *muffled* like a *Theefe*, and carries still the markes of one, for hee *steales* vpon a man *cowardly*, *Pluckes* him by the *Throate*, makes him *stand*, and

Charact. 3.

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the
theefe is more *valiant* and more *honest*.
His walkes in Terme time are vp *Fleet-
street*, at the end of the Terme vp *Hob-
borne*, and so to *Tyburne*; the gallowes
are his purlues, in which the *Hang man*
and *Hee* are *Quarter-rangers*; in the one
turnes off, and the other ~~turnes~~ *diverse*. All
the vacation he lies *limbode* de behinde
the lattice of some blisde, drunke, baw-
dy Ale-house; and if he spie his prey, out
he leapes, like a free-booter; and ristes;
or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to
the City, keepes his oath so uprightly;
he never is forsworne; for he sweares to
be *true Market* to the City, and he conti-
nues so to his dying day. *Mace* which is
so comfortable to the stomacke in all
kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to
mortall poysen. The *Rauen* pecks not
out mens eyes as others doe, all his spite
is at their shoulders, and you were bet-
ter to have the *Night-Mare* ride you,
then this *Fuckbus*. When any of the
Furies of Hell die, this *Cocodamon* hath

Q.

the

the reuision of his place. He will ven-
ture as despetately vpon the *Pox*, as any
Roaring Boy of them all. For when hee
attempts a *whore*, himselfe puts her in com-
mon baile at his owne perill, and shee
paies him soundly for his labour; vpon
one of the *Sheriffes* *Gustards* hee is not
so greedy, nor so sharpe set, as at such a
stewipt. The *City* is (by the custome)
to feed him with good meat, as they send
dead horses to their hounds, onely to
keepe them both in good heart, for not
onely those *Curs* at the *Dog-house*, but
these within the walles, are to serue in
their places, in their sevrall huntings.
He is a *Citizens* birdlime, and where he
holds, he hangs.

His *Toman*.

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* weares
by his side, it is a false *Die* of the same
Bale,

Characters.

bale, but not the same *Cat*, for it runnes some-what *higher* and does more mischiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *Cou-*
ries. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *sea-*
ring, but by a patterne. One *Terme* fleshes him, or a *Fleet-streete breakefast*. The *De-*
mill is but his father in *law*, & yet for the loue he beares him, will leaue him as much as if he were his owne child. And for that cause (in stead of *praiers*) he does every morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *blessing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* al the day after. This is the *hooke* that hangs vnder water to choake the *fish*, and his *Sergeant* is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe so soone as euer the *bait* is swallowed. It is indeed an *Oster*, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more sharpe, & he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full halfe *share* of the *booty*. The eye of this *Wolfe* is as quicke in his head, as a *Cat-*

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purses in a throng, and as nimble is he at his businesse, as a *Hang-man* at an *execu-
tion*. His *Office* is as the dogs to worrie the sheepe first, or drive him to the shambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat steps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His living lies within the Citie, but his *conscience* lies bedrid in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a *Bank-
rupt*, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or else a sudden stab sends him of his last errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a sword, and sucke more siluer out of the wound then his *Surgeon* shall. His beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Taylor.

IS a creature mistaken in the making, for hee should bee a Tyger, but the shape

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shape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curishnesse, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was fashioned, this piece was the basest of the rubbish which was left, and throwne by, came this Taylor, his descent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of those angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither he neuer(or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Taylors soule stands not vpon those two Pillers that support heauen, (*Injustice* and *Mercy*:) it rather sits vpon those two foot-stooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Judges slauie, and a prisoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the *Hangman* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gaue him all his limbs perfect, hee would strike those on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

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against a Debtor, hee is a Creditors second, but obserues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all base aduantages. His conscience and his shackles hang vp together, and are made very neere of the same mettle, sauing that the one is harder then the other, and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. He distils money out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curses. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can discharge it better, because here he does nothing but study the Theoricke of it. His house is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, stands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowsic beds, is better worth to him then the best acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almost impossible) viz : To saue all his prisoners that none euer escape, and to be saued himselfe. His eares are stopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reason, for lay the life of a man in one

Characters,

one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will lose the first to finde the second. He must looke for no mercy (if hee desires Justice to be done to him) for he shewes none, and I thinke he cares the lesse, because he knowes heauen hath no neede of such Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they stand euer open. If it were possible for all creatures in the world to sleepe euery night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the stead, to be euer in feare, and euer hated: what estate can be worse?

What a Character is.

IF I must speake the Schoole-masters language, I will confess that Character comes of this Infinitive moode ~~to engrave~~, which signifies to engrave, or make a deepe Impression. And for that

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cause, a letter (as A.B.) is called a Character. Those Elements which wee learne first, having a strong seale in our memorie. Character is also taken for an Egyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impresa, or short Embleme, in little comprehending much. To square out a Character by our English levell, it is a picture (real or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.

It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting vp in one musicall cloze: It is wits descant on any plaine song.

Characters.



The Character of a happy life.

By Sir H. W.

How happy is he borne or caught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose Arrows, is his honest thought,
And silly Truth his highest skill!

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Untyed unto the world with care
Of Princely lone, or vulgar breath.

Who bath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his streng retreat:
Whose slate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruins make accusers great.

Who

The Character, &c.

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: who never understood,
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of slate, but rules of good.

Y^e ho GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmlesse day,
With a well chosen Booke or Friend:

This man is free from seruile bands,
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of Lands,
And having nothing, he hath All.

An Es-

Characters.

An Essay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour ; and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Because valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To speake of it in it selfe, It is a quality which he that hath, shal haue least neede of : so the best league betweene Princes, is a mutual feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the lye insufferable, though being alone hee findes no hurt it doth him. It leaves it selfe to others censures. For he that brags of his owne, dissuades others from beleevuing it. It feareth a sword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner, for though hee be generally held a foole, hee shall seldome heare so much by word of mouth ; and that inlargeth him more than

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than any spectacles, for it maketh a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whose weakenesse is her prerogatiues; or a man seconded with a woman, as an Usher which alwaies goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witnessse of his owne words, to stand to what euer hee hath said, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling vnto the Law. It furnisheth youth with action, and age with discourse, and both by futures; for a man must never boast himselfe in the present tense. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valour towards men, is an Embleme of an Ability towards women, a good quality signifies a better. Nothing is more behoouefull for that Sexe, for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a shorter cut to obtaining, for a man of armes is alwayes voyd of ceremonie, which is the wall that stands betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that is, Man and Woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne base-nesse (as cowards grow valiant vpon those that are more cowards) so that onely by our pale asking, we teach them to deny: And by our shamefastnesse wee put them in minde to bee modest: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke to perswade the hearers that they are that already, which we would haue them to be. This kinde of bashfulnesse is far from men of valour, and especially from souldiers, for such are euer men (without doubt) forward, and confident, losyng no time, lest they should lose opportunity, which is the best Factor for a Leader. And because they know women are giuen to dissemble; they will never beleeue them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing black broke in vpon vs, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournyng, and Riding through For-rects, in which time these slender strip-plings with little legges, were held but of strength

strength enough to marry their widowes. And euен in our daies there can be giuen no reason of the inundation of Seruicingmen vpon their Mistresses; but onely that vsually they carry their Mistresses weapons, and his valour. To be counted handsome, iust, learned, or wel-fauoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to bee admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at least the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him safe in their armes, who hath escaped thither through many dangers. To speake at once, man hath a priuiledge in valour; In clothes and good faces we but imitate women; and many of that sexe will not thinke much (as farre as an answer goes) to dissemble wit too. So then these neat youthes, these women in mens apparel, are too neare a woman to bee beloued of her, they bee both of a Trade, but he of grim aspect, and such a one a glasse dares take, and she will desire him for newnesse and varietie. A scarre in a mans face is the same that a mole in a womans,

womans; and a mole in a womans, is a
Iewell set in white to make it seeme
more white; For a scar in a man is a
marke of honour, and no blemish; for
tis a scarre and a blemish in a Souldier
to be without one. Now as for all things
else, which are to procure Loue, as a
good face, wit, cloathes, or a good body;
each of them I confess may worke
somewhat for want of a better, that is, if
valour be not their Riuall. A good face
auailes nothing if it bee in a coward that
is bashtful, the vtmost of it is to be kissed,
which rather increaseth then quencheth
Appetite. He that sends her gifts, sends
her word, also that hee is a man of small
giftis otherwise: for wooing by signes
and tokens, implies the author dumbe.
And if *Ouid* who writ the Law of Loue
were alive (as hee is extant) would al-
low it as good a diuersity, that gifts
should be sent as gratuities, not as bribes.
Wit getteth rather promise then Loue.
Wit is not to bee feene: and no wo-
man takes aduice of any in her louing;
but

but of her owne eyes and her wayting
womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not
to be felt, and so no good Bed-fellow.
Wit applied to a woman makes her dis-
solute her sympering, and discouer her
teeth with laughter, and this is surely a
purge for loue; for the beginning of loue
is a kinde of foolish melancholly. As for
the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd,
and hopes to inueagle his loue with such
a coloured suite; surely the same deeply
hazzards the losse of her fauour vpon e-
very change of his cloathes. So likewise
for the other that courts her silently with
a good Body, let me certifie him that his
cloathes depend vpon the comelinesse of
his body, and so both vpon opinion.
She that hath beene seduced by appa-
rell, let me giue her to wit, that men al-
wayes put off their cloathes before they
goe to bed. And let her that hath beene
enamoured of her seruants body, under-
stand that if shee saw him in a skinne of
cloth, that is, in a Suite made of the pat-
terne of his body, she would see slender
cause

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cause to loue him ever after. There is no cloathes fit so well in a womans eye, as a Suit of Steele, though not of the fashion, and no man so soone surpriseth a womans affections, as he that is the subiect of all whispering, and hath alwaies twenty stories of his owne deedes depending vpon him. Mistake me not, I vnderstand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drinke or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate, nor one that takes awaie a Seruingsmans weapons, when perchance it cost him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priuie coat of defence, and therin is confident, for then such as made Bucklers would bee counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euene resolutiōn grounded vpon reason: which is alwaies euene, hauing his power restrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must be a man of few words.



CERTAINE EDICTS

from a Parliament in *Eutopia*;

Written by the Lady
Soushwell.

IN *primis*, He that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparell, shall not dare to woo a Lady in his owne behalfe, but shall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady shall raile on her that is fairer, because she is fairer; nor seeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnlesse she be her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himselfe by the matchlesse name of a friend, that loues vpon condition, vnlesse he be a Schoole-master.

Item, that no Lady, which modestly keeps

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keepes her house for want of good clothes to visit her Gossips, shall profess contempt of the worlds vanity, vnlesse she see no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to set vp shop againe becomes parafre or Buffone to some great Lord, shall ever after sweare by his honour; but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vseth to paint, shall finde fault with her Painter, that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, vnlesse shoo will acknowledge her selfe to be the bester counterfeiter.

Item, that no man, whose vaine loue hath beene reected by a vertuous Lady, shall report that he hath refused and cast her off, vnlesse he will take the basē lying fellow by the next assailant, so reected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady shall court her looking glasse, past one houre in a day, vnlesse she profess to be an Ingerer.

Item, that no Quarter waiter shall feed on cheese three quarters of a yere.

Edicts.

to feast on fatten one quarter, without
Gulens aduice, and the Apothecaries bill
to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer enamored
of her selfe, and thinkes all other so
too, shall be bound to carry a burthen of
Birdlime on her backe, and spinne at a
Barne-door to catch fooles.

Item, hee that swerath when hee loseth
his money at dice, shall challenge
his damnation by the way of pur-
chase.

Item, no Lady that silently simper-
eth for want of wit, shall be call'd mo-
dest.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue
with a woman, and wants wit to en-
counter her, shall think hee hath re-
deem'd his credit by putting her to si-
lence with some lascivious discourse, vn-
lesse hee weare white for *William*, and
greene for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth con-
stant for want of assault, shall bee called
chaste.

Edicts.

Item, he that professeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiccted, shall haue his bels cut off, and flie for a Haggard.

Item, shee that respecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her selfe, shall not refuse the name of an Hypocrite; and she that employes all her time in working trappings for her selfe, the name of Spider: and she that sets the first quest of enquirie amongst her Gossips for new fashions, shall not refuse a witcher for her second husband.

Item, he that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he professeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policie raile suddenly on her, for feare hee bee noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate hee may say that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, and that he findes her wauering in good-

Edids.

nesse, and in time hee shall openly profess to raile on her; but with such a modesty forsooth; as if hee were loth to bring his iudgement into question; nor would hee doe it, but that he preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.





NEVVE FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,
OLD TRUTH, VNDER A SVP.
posall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diners Essaies, and priuate
passages of Wit, betweene sundry Gentle-
men upon that subiect.

Newes from Court.



IT is thought heere
that there are as great
miseries beyond hap-
piness, as a this side
it, as *being in loue*.
That truth is euerie
mans by assenting.

That time makes euerie thing aged,
and yet it selfe was never but a minute
old.

Newes.

old. That, next sleepe, the greatest deuourer of time is businesse : the greatest stretcher of it, *passion*: the truest measure of it, *Contemplation*. To be sauied, alwaies is the best plot: and vertue alwayes cleares her way as she goes. Vice is euer behind-hand with it selfe. That *Wit* and a *Woman* are two fraile things , and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man , hath more increast mankinde than the end. That the madnesse of Loue is to bee sicke of one part , and cured by another. The madnesse of Icalousie , that it is so diligent , and yet it hopes to lose his labour. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in diffeſt words. That the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding. That the wiſedom of *Action* is *Discretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truthe: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould bee ; the latter makes vſe of what is. That every man is weake in his owne humours. That every man a little

Newes.

little beyond himselfe, is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnessse is comparison. That God made one world of *Substance*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp. *Trumpe*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre prevailed, that *Truth* is now the greatest newes.

Sir T. Over.

Answer to the Court Newes.

THAT *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicite*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to restraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of Saluation

Newes.

uation was laide before the plot of *Paradise*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that seekes opinion beyond merit, goes iust as farre backe. That no man can obtaine his desires, nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to study, men are more profitable then bookeſ. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiver*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wifedome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womeſ ſoules were never made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Godneſſe* is like the *Art Proſpective*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, Woman, and the Deuill, are the three degrees of comparison. That this Newes holds number, but not weight,

News.

weight, by which couple all things receiuē forme.

Country News.

That there is most heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is measured by the Acre. That Poverty is the greatest dishonestie. That the pittie of *A laffe poore soule*, is for the most part mistaken. That Rost Beefe is the best smell. That a Justice of Peace is the best relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Justice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue too heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wisedome descends in a tace. That wee loue names better then persons. That to hold in Knights seruice, is a slipperie seruice. That a Pa-
pist is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, nor pay'd. That the reward is lost in the
wane

want of humilitie. That the Puritanē persecution is as a cloude that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Englyssh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings Country* men, thrust the honour on the *Welsh*. That a Courtier neuer attaines his selfe-knowledge, but by report. That his best Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are so proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne first faine. That to remember, to know, and to vnderstand, ate three degrees not vnderstood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a *Setuингmans* valour: Martyrdome their Masters. That to liue long is to fill vp the dayes wee liue. That the zeale of some mens Religion reflect from their Friends. That the pleasure of vice is indulgence of the present, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodness is from within, the externall

Mones.

externall is policiel. That good and ill
is the crosse and pile in the ayme of
life. That the Soule is the Lampe of
the body, Reason of the Soule, Reli-
gion of Reason, Faith of Religion,
Christ of Faith. That circumstances
are the Atomies of Police, Censure
the being, Action the life, but successse
the Ornament. That Authoritie pres-
seth downe with weight, and is thought
violence. Policie trips vp the heedes
and is called the dexterity. That this
life is a throng in a narrow passage, hee
that is first out, findes easie, hee in the
middle worst hemm'd in with troubles,
the hindmost that drives both ouerfore
him, though not suffering wrong, hath
his part in doing it. That God requires
of our debts, a reckoning, not pay-
ment. That heaven is the easiest pur-
chase, for wee are the richer for the dis-
bursing. That liberalitie should haue no
obje^ct but the poore, if our mindes
were rich. That the mysterie of great-
nesse is to keepe the inferiour ignorant
of

Neues.

of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. That the Citties care not what the Country thinkes. And 2. that all the world, which is not of ybodys euengilde, doth not Sir T.R. to goe about flatteryng and to flind out what to say to him. And 3. that the Countrymen do not care what the world say. *Newes from the very Country.* O yea
aduocacyng and louing of a wob that

THAT it is a Frappety of Courtiers, Merchants, and others, which haue bee in fashion, and are verie neare worne out. That Justices of Peace haue the selling of underwoods, but the Lords haue the great fols. The Jesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that denours vertues, and leesse vices. That is whol somest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thiftest laying of

Nemes.

of it at another's Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and heere have the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God bee thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster Hall*. That onely Christ-masse Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon beds, as plashed against walles. That our carts are never worse employed, then when they are waigted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horse tailes, concurre in one root of beauty and strength; but being pluckt out one by one, serue onely for Sprindges and Snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world as coeton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

WC

Newes.

we do not all eat thereof. That our best
three-pilde mischiefe comes from be-
yond the sea, and rides poast through the
Countrey, but his errand is to Court.
That next to no wife and children, your
owne are the best pastime, another's wife
and your children worse, your wife and
another's children worst. That States-
men hunt their fortunes, and are often at
default: Fauourites course her and are
ever in view. That intemperance is not
so vnwholsome heere; for none euer
saw Sparrow sicke of the pox. That
here is no treachery nor fidelitie, but it
is because there are no secretes. That
Court motions are vp and downe; ours
circular: theirs like squibs cannot stay at
the highest, nor returne to the place
which they rose from, but vanish and
weare out in the way: Ours like Mill-
wheles, busie without changing place;
they haue peremptory fortunes; wee
vicissitudes.

Newes.

Answer to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke
of time, and made dresser of his owne
fattig. That the five Senses are
Cinque-ports for temptation, the traf-
fique sinne, the Lieutenant *Satan*, the
custome-tribute, soules. That the Citi-
zens of the high Court, grow rich by
simplicity; but those of *London*, by sim-
ple craft. That life, death, and time, doe
with shott cudgels dance the *Matachine*.
That those which dwell vnder the *Zona
Torrida*, are troubled with more damps,
than those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and
Superstition hath of late her masque rent
from her face, and shee is found with a
wrie mouth and a stinking breath, and
those that courted her holly, hate her
now in the same degree or beyond.
That Nature too much louing her own,
becomes vnnaturall and foolish. That

S

the

News.

the soule in some is like an egge; hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her nest, makes hot and cold beget rotteness, which her wanton youth will not beleue, till the faire shell being broken, the stinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That those are the wise ones, that hold the superficies of vertue, to support her contrary, all-sufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurse of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Countrey, and time present dwels at Court. That I liuing neare the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Pest, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will disperse further into the Kingdome.

A.S.

News

Newes:

Newes to the Vniuersitie.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke. Actions doe expresse knowledge better then words ; so much of the soule is lost as the body cannot vter. To teach, should rather bee an effect, then the purpose of learning. Age decayes nature, perfects Art : therefore the glory of youth, is strength, of the gray-head, wisedome ; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancie, runne after those of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquity will beare an old error against a new truth. Logicke is the *Heraldarie* of Arts, and array of Iudgement, none it selfe, nor any Science without it : where it and learning meete not, must be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Understanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Discretion containes *Rhetoricke* ; the next way to

Newes.

learne good words, is to learne sense; the newest *Philosophie* is soundest, the eldest *Divinitie*: *Astronomie* begins in Nature, ends in *Magicke*. There is no honesty of the body without health, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sicke-nesse, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kinde in the world can perish without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular interest: So in Arts which are but translations of nature, there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it bee drawne strong conclusions, to disproue all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The soule and body of the first man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we must dye to the other. A man and a *Christian* are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next know-ledge;

Newes.

ledge ; when wee shall read the glory of
God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue no obiect of pleasure , and vniformity is a better prospect then varietie. That putting to Sea is change of life , but not of condition ; where risings and falls , calmes , and crosse gales are yours, in order and turne ; fore windes but by chance. That it is the worst winde to haue no winde , and that your smooth fac'd Courtier , deading your course by a calme , giues greater impediment , then an open enemies crosse-gale. That leuitie is a vertue : for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite to rigge a ship , as a woman , and the more either is fraught , the apter to leake. That to

Never.

pumpe the one, and shreeue the other, is alike noysome. That small faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to punish and not prevent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leue the leake open. That it is best striking Saile before a storme, and necessariest in it. That a little time in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our Hauen is the happiest voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then some kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the sound of Commoditie drowns the noise of a Storme, especially of an absent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but never darkenesse; and that I shall never wonder to see a hard world, because I haue liued to see the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to starue for cold in his perpetuall presence. That a mans companions are (like ships) to be

Newes.

be kept in distance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloze. That the fairest field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himselfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will be but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for so is morall instruction to youths watrish humour. That though a Shippe vnder saile bee a good sight, yet it is better to see her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my flesh, so I save the passenger. And heere I cast Anchor.

W.S.

Forraine Newes of the
yeere 1622.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the
choyce of friends there, is as of their
Wines: those that beeing new, are
hard and harsh, proue best: the most
pleasing are least lasting. That an e-
nemy fierce at the first onset, is as a
torrent tumbling downe a mountaine;
a while it beares all before it: haue but
that whiles patience, you may passe it
drie foot. That a penetrating iudge-
ment may enter into a mans minde by
his bodies gate; if this appeare affected,
apish and vnstable: a wonder if that be
settled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and
the *French* disease, are vpon termes of
quitting

Newes.

quitting their Countries Allegiance, to bee made free Denissons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their scarres, which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will lye open to the memorie. That a Princes pleasurable vices, ushered by authority, and waited on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues by the subjects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction: so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That Kings heare truth often for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, then that they not feare

fear them. That greatnessse is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it selfe destruction. That it is a grosse flattring of tired cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens cost, and little at his owne, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in Court and Country. That those are aptest to domineere ouer others, who by suffering indignities have learned to offer them. That ambition like a silly Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That euен Galley-slaues, setting light by their captiuitie, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee slow in military busynesse, is to bee so courteous as to giue the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatnessse, more feare then hurt.

Newes.

From Rome.

That the Venereall (called veniall) sinne is to passe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that those should bee held henceforth his Holinesse benificiall friends, that sinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commoditie, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beasts that men feede, to feede on. That for an English man to abide at *Rome*, is not so dangerous as report makes it; since it skilles not where we liue, so we take heed how we liue. That greatnesse comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a small distance between the highest and the lowest fortunes. That racket authority is oft lesse at home then abroad regarded, while things that seeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THAT the most profitable Banke, is the true vse of a mans selfe, whiles such as grow mouldy in idlenesse, make their houses their Tombes, and dye before their death. That many dangerous spirits lye buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their mindes would dare as much as those that with their better Fortunes ouer-top them. That professed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modestie, and spend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From

Newes.

From Germanie.

That the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowship, is like to sticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders so benums the sense of offending, as that a common blot is held no staine. That discretions must be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwise, shal both proue his owne too light, and fall short of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-cast of every flight danger, seldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counsell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that ouer a mans selfe.

From

Newes.

From the Low-Countries.

THAT one of the surest grounds of a mans liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the most dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is desperation, while forcing him to set light by his owne life, thou makest him master of thine. That neglected danger lights soonest and heauiest. That they are wisest, who in the likelihood of good, prouide for ill. That since pittie dwelles at the next doore to miserie, hee liveth most at ease that is neighboured with enuie. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes

Newes.

Newes from my Lodging.

That the best prospect is to looke inward. That it is quiete sleeping in a good conscience, then a whole skin. That a soule in a fat body lies soft, and is loth to rise. That he must rise betimes who would cozen the Detil. That *Flattery* is increased from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnsleeping night of reason. That he who sleepes in the cradle of security, finnes soundly without starting. That guilt is the Flea of the conscience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing so conuenient as a hang'd Traitor in publike. That the religion of *Papistrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of most Women is walking in their sleepe, and they talke their dreames.

Newes.

dreames. That Chambering is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at Tables in the Hall, though Seruing-men vse both. That the best bedfellow for all times in the yeer, is a good bed without a fellow. That hee who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempest within. That hee who will rise, must first lye downe and take humility in his way. That sleep is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twy-light of life and death. That in sleepe we kindly shake death by the hand; but when wee are awaked, we will not know him. That often sleepings are so many trials to dye, that at last we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none secret enough to tempt a strangers curiositie, or a seruants discouery.

God give you good morrow.

B.R.

Newes

Newes:

Newes of my morning Worke.

That to be good, the way is to be most alone; or the best accompanied. That the way to heauen is mistaken for the most Melancholy walke. That the most feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods displeasure. That a Court-friend seldome goes further then the first degree of Charitie. That the Deuill is the perfectest Courtier. That innocencie was first couzen to man, now guiltinesse hath the neerest alliance. That sleepe is Deaths Leiget-Ambassador. That time can never bee spent: we passe by it and cannot returne. That none can be sure of more time then an instant. That sinne makes worke for repentance, or the Deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That every ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part losing all is the

T Sea;

Newes.

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like Protestants in Spaine. That predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reason makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauourite. That being sicke begins a suit to God, being well, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sicknesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreme sicknesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen loue, presence strengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burns cleare: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer increaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths luggler. That false-hood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blind zeale, and lame knowledge, are a like apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no Porter but resolution
keeps

Newes.

keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodnessse without a body is the worst wickednesse. That wemens fortunes aspire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worst *Hermaphradite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himselfe by being in acquaintance. That the worst part of ignorance, is making good and ill seeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mist.B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is said among the folke heere, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world: if in his youtch, hee hath left vs at dinner: That it is bed-time with a man at three-score and tenne: and hee that lives to a

Newes.

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after supper. That the humble minded man makes the lowest curtesie. That grace before meat, is our election before we were: grace after meat our saluation when we are gone. The soule that halts betweene two opinions, falleth betweene two stooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the salt. Hee that hates to bee reprooved, sits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapest sawce, and nature the cheapest guest. The sensible man and the silent woman, are the best discourisers. Repentance without amendment, is but the shifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to save his credit, wipes his mouth with his sleeue to spare his napkin. The tongue of a lester is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole craves a piece of his heart to euery man that sits next him. A silent man is a couered smesse. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee that

Newes.

that hath many friends eats too much, salt with his meat. That wit without discretion cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the soule of a cholericke man sits euer by the fire-side. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduersitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miser his belly in his purse. That the best company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the salt-celler. The superfluitie of a mans possessions, is the broken meat that should remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and swallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongst the wise, is a gilt emptie bowle amongst the thirsty. Ignorance is an insensible hunger. The water of life is the best wine. Hee that robs mee of my inuention, bids himselfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vain-glorious man pisseth more then he drinke. That no man can drinke an health out of the

Newes.

cup of blessing. To surfe vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's overcome of any passion is drie drunke. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauie soule to leane on. He that finnes that hee may repent, surfets that he may take physicke. He that rises without thanksgiving, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to suppe well, is to live well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafer.

I.C.

Newes

Newes.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their soules must, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That we haue spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice. That Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, hee shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Deuill hath got vpon vs, the same way that hee did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as hee did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Croffe. That States vse it, the Clergic liue by it,

Anewes.

it the people follow it, more by a
stremme, then one by one. That all are
religious rather then some. That eue-
ry one lookes to another, but not to
himselfe. That they goe so by throngs
to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they
take the broader way. That the
Church is in the world, like a Ship in
the Sea ; the elect in the Church, like
Io:mas amongst the Mariners. That to
mend this, is to cheate the Deuill, to
turne man the right side outward, and
set the soule foremost againe. That the
soule may be too ranke too, if wee
ooke not to it : and so a *Puritan* often-
times meetes a *Papist* in superstition an-
other way. That to binde from and
to indifferent things, is equall, though
it bee thought otherwise. That some,
out of a good meaning, haue fallen this
way into a vice. That these faults are
more subtil ; and therefore less perceiued,
and less to bee blamed ; but as
dangerous as the other, if they take
head. That the rule is in all things
the

News.

the body and the soule must goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended so long about the body of Religion, that some men thought it was dead. That so *Atheists* are come into the Church, and that it will bee as hard to cast them out, as Devils. That those which haue thus broken the peace of *Jerusalem*, are obliged to satisfaction; and those which first gaue them cause of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another and both a good Composition. That a pure *Bishop* is the best gouernment, if the pride on both sides would let them know it. That all Controuersies for the most part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanse the way for others, but not for themselves. That sincerity, in the cause of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and to little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That wee haue a

shorter

News.

shorter cut to it ; and a surer way then
Drake had ouer the world , if we could
finde it out. That euery man is a briefe of
the whole ; and as he is so, he is greater
then a King. That euery King is a briefe
of his Land , and hec hath a *Patterne* of
the gouernment of it alwaies about him.
That as the honour that he giues vnto
his Nobles & Counsellours is a charge ;
so is that which God giues him. That as
he requires an account, so he must giue.
That he is the **I**mage of **G**od in his king-
dome as man is in the **W**orld. That
therefore the Subiects owe him obedi-
ence , as the Creatures doe Man. That those
that will not obey , are neither
good Subiects, nor good men. That to
obey well , is as great a thing as to go-
uerne, and more mens duties. That those
that thinke not so, know not the Christians
part, which is to suffer. That though
States be naught, if they profess Religion ,
they may deliuer many men safe to
Heauen , though they goe not them-
selues , and so they are like bad Mini-
stres.

Nerves.

sters. That this is Gods vse of both & of the world too , to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the same vse , and the Elect are the Church themselues. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghost , and therefore ought to plucke downe their Idols, and set vp God there. That the Idols of these times , are Couetousnesse, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonnesse, Heresies , and such like admiration and seruing of our selues. That we must make al time an occasion of amendment, because the Deuill makes it an occasion to tempt. That hee is a spirit , and therefore cunninger then we. That there is no way to resist him , but by the Spirit of God , which is his Master. That this is the gift of God , which hee giueth to all that are his. That it is encreased by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it , and workes the assurance. That thus the vnderstanding and will, which is the whole soule of man, is made vp againe, and sanctifies the body .

That

Newes.

That so wee are the members of Christ.
That our Head is in Heauen , as a
pawne, that where he is , we shall bee.
That there is no opinion but know-
ledge; for it is the Science of soules, and
God the teacher.

Is. Riddard. 16. Ps. 1)

Newes from the bed.

THAT the Bed is the best Rendevou
of mankind, and the most neces-
sary ornament of a Chamber. That
Souldiers are good Antiquaries in kee-
ping the old fashion , for the first bed
was the bare Ground. That a mans pil-
low is his best Counseller. That *Adam*
lay in state , when the Heauen was his
canopic. That the naked truth is , *A-
dam* and *Eve* lay without sheetes. That
they were either very innocent , ve-
rie ignorant , or very impudent , they
were

Newes.

were not ashamed the heauens should
see them lie without a couerlet. That
it is likely *Eue* studied Astronomy,
which makes the posterity of her Sex
ever since to lie on their backes. That
the circumference of the bed is no-
thing so wide as the conuex of the heau-
dens, yet it containes a whole world.
That the ffeue Sences are the greatest
sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a
reasonable Dormouse. That the soule
ever awakes to watch the body. That a
jealous man sleepes dog-sleepe. That
sleepe makes no difference betweene a
Wise man and a Foole. That for all
times sleepe is the best bedfellow. That
the Deuill and mischiefe ever awake.
That loue is a dreame. That the pre-
posterous hopes of ambitious men are
like pleasing dreames, farthest off when
awake. That the bed payes *Venus*
more custome then all the world be-
side. That if dreames and wishes had
beene all true, these had not beene since
Poperye, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That

Newes:

That the secure man sleepes soundly,
and is hardly to be awak't. That the char-
itable man dreames of building Chur-
ches, but starts to thinke the vngodlier
Courtier will pull them downe againe.
That sleepers were never dangerous in a
State. That there is a naturall reason,
why Popish Priests chuse the bed to
confesse their women vpon, for they
hold it necessarie, that humiliation
should followe shrift. That if the bed
should speake all it knowes, it would put
many to the blush. That it is fit the bed
should know more then paper.

R.S.

Newes from Shippord.

That Repentance without amend-
ment, is like continuall pumping,
without mending the leake. That hee
that liues without Religion, sayles with-
out a Compasse. That the wantonnesse
of

Neues.

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpesse before a storme. That the foole is Sea-sicke in a Calme, but the wise mans stomacke endures all weathers. That passions in a foole, are Ordnance broken loose in a storme, that alter their property of offending others and ~~wine~~ himselfe. That good Fortunes are a soft quicksand, aduersity a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouerty a ready rigg'd Shippe, that lies wind-bound. That good fashion in a man is like the Pilot in a Shippe, that doth most with least force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you shall finde his heart by it wheresoever it lyes. Wisedome makes vse of the crosses of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rockes for Sea-markes to saile by.

H.R.

Neues

Newes.

That the secure man sleepes soundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but starts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That sleepers were never dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reason, why Popish Priests chuse the bed to confesse their women vpon, for they hold it necessarie, that humiliation should follow shrift. That if the bed should speake all it knowes, it would put many to the blush. That it is fit the bed should know more then paper.

R.S.

Newes from Shippord.

That Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that lives without Religion, sayles without a Compasse. That the wantonnesse of

Newes.

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpesse before a storme. That the foole is Sea-sicke in a Calme, but the wise mans stomacke endures all weathers. That passions in a foole, are Ordnance broken loose in a storme, that alter their property of offending others and twine himselfe. That good Fortunes are a soft quicksand, aduersity a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouerty a ready rigg'd Shippe, that lies wind-bound. That good fashion in a man is like the Pilot in a Shippe, that doth most with least force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you shall finde his heart by it wherefoeuer it lyes. Wisedome makes vse of the crosses of this world, as a skilfull Pilot of Rockes for Sea-marks to saile by.

H.R.

Newes

Newes.

Newes from the Chimney corner.

That wit is Brush-wood, iudgement
Timber: the one glues the greatest
flame, the other yeelds the durablest
heat, and both meeting makes the best
fire. That Bawdes and Attutneyes are
Andirons that hold vp their Clyents till
they burne each other to ashes: they re-
ceive warmth by these; these by them
their destruction. That a wise rich man is
like the backe of or stocke of the Chim-
ney, and his wealth the fire, he receiuers it
not for his owne need, but to reflect the
heat to others good. That House-kee-
ping in England is faine from a great fire
in a hot Summers day, to boughes in the
Chimney all Winter long. That mans
reason in matter of Faith is fire, in the
first degree of his ascent flame, next
smoake, and then nothing. A young
fel-

Newes.

fellow faine in loue with a Whore, is said to be faine asleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forsakes his bed to set vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill guest, that pisses in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaste Beautie is like the bellowes, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That he that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne spirit only, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is sure (at least) to burne his owne fingers. That the Louer keepes a great fire in's house all the yeere long. That deuotion, like fire in frostie weather, burnes hottest in affliction. That such Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in Winter to spare fire-wood. That a couetous man is a Dogge in a wheele, that toiles to roast meat for other mens eating. That Pagans worshipping the Sunne, are said to hold their hands to the Glo-worme

Neves.

in stead of a coale for heat. That a Wise
mans heart is like a broad hearth that
keepes the coales (his passions) from bur-
ning the house. That good deeds,
in this life, are coales raked
vp in embers, to
make a fire next
day.



Paradoxes, as they were
spoken in a Maske, and presented
before his Majestie at White-Hall.

Masculine

1 **H**E cannot be } For a Perriwig
a Cuckold } cannot fit such a
that weares a Gre- } head.
gorian.

2 **A** Knight of the }
long Robe is more } For Furreys are
honourable then a } dearer then Spars.
Knight made in }
the field. } For he thinks a-

3 **A** Drunkard } right: the world
is a good philoso- } goes round.
pher.

4 **T**he Devil } For Saint Dun-
cannot take Tobac- } ton feard up that
so shrough his } with his songs.
Nose.

Paradoxes,

5 A Shoemaker } For bee (virtute
is the fittest man in } officii) may put a
she parish to make a } man into the stocks
Constable. } & ease him at last.

6 A Prisoner is } For euery hee lies
the best Fencer. } at a close word.

7 An elder bro. } For he hath wher-
ther may bee a wise } withall to purchase
man. } experience at any
rate.

8 Burgomasters } For they may so
ought not to weare } bring in the swa-
furre Gownes at } sting sicknesse.
Midsummer. } }

9 A Cuspurge } For his worke is
is the surest trade. } no sooner done, but
} his money is in his
} hand.

Feminine.

10 It is better to } For Causa patet.
marry a widow } then a maid.

Paradoxes.

11 Downe-right } For plaine dea-
language is the best } ling is a leuell, and
to winne a woman. } there is no Ladie
but desires to haue
her.

12 If a woman } For if he will
with childe long to } not, shewill doe it
lie with another } man, her husband
must consent. } without him.

13 A painted La- } For so both may
die best fits a Cap. } fight vnder their
taine. } colours.

14 Rich Widdowes } For they beeing
were ordained for } borne to no lands,
younger brothers. } must plough in ano-
ther mans soile.

15 Tis dange- } For she bath cast
rons to marry a wi- } her Rider.
dow.

16 It is good for a } For shhee shall bee
young Popish wench } sure to keep all fast-
to marry an old } sing nights.
man.

Paradoxes.

17 A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bo
For no wisedeman will search for it there.
fme.

18 A woman of learning & tonges is an admirable creature.
For a Star-ling that can speake is a present for an Emperor.

19 A great Ladie shold not weare meane, as a coat of her owne haire.
For that is too dy shold not weare her owne spinning.

20 A faire woomans Necke shold stand awrie.
For so fhee looks as if fhee lookt' for a kisse.

21 Women loue fish better then shane place whatso-flesh.
For they will never they pay for it.

Newter.

22 An Vsurer is the best Christian
For Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet & fidei.

Paradoxes.

23 The best bodies should weare the meanest habits. } For painted cloths were made to hide bare walles.

24 It is better to be a begger then to bee a Merchant. } For all the world lies open to his traffique, and yet hee payes no Custome.

25 Tis more safe to bee drunke with the Hop, then with the Grape. } For a man should bee more inward with his Countrey-man then with a stranger.

26 A man deepe in debt should be as deepe in drinke. } For Bacchus cancells all manner of obligations.

27 Players houses are more necessarie in a well gouern'd Common-wealth , then schooles. } For men are better taught by example, then precept.

28 Tauernes are more requisite in a Countrey then Academies. } For it is better that she multitude were lowing then learned.

Paradoxes.

- 29 *A Tobacco-* }
Shop and a Bawdy- }
house are Com-in- }
cidents. } For smoake is not
without fire.
- 30 *Wealib is bet-* }
ter then Wit. } bane had the for-
tune to bee chosen
Aldermen.
- 31 *Marriage frees* }
a man from care. } For then his wife
takes all upon her.
- 32 *A kennell of* }
Hounds is the best } For they need no
Consort. } tuning from mor-
ning to night.
- 33 *The Court* }
makes better schol- } For when the
lers then the Uni- } King vouchsafes to
versities. } bee a Teacher, eue-
ry man blushes so
bee a non Profici-
- 34 *A nimble* }
Page is more use- }
full for a Lady then } For a Sparrow is
a long Gentleman- } more active then a
vther. } bald Buzzard.

Receipts.

35 Tis better to *be a Coward* then a *Captaine.* For a Goose lines
be a Coward then a *Captaine.* longer, then a Cocke
of the Game.

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approued Receipt against Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady bee sicke of the Sullens, shee knowes not where, let her take a handfull of simples, I know not what, and vse them I know not how, applying them to the place grieued, I know not which, and she shall be cured I know not when.

Against the Scurvy.

If any Scholler be troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may proue scurvy; let him first forbeare clawing

Receipts.

clawing and fretting meates, and then
purge choller, but by any meanes vp-
wards:

For restoring Gentlemen-vshers Legs.

If any Gentleman-vsher haue the Consumption in his Legs, let him feede lustily vpon Veale, two months in the Spring-time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and hee shall increase in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him trauell to *Japan*; or because the Forrest of *Turnbolia* is of the same Altitude and Eleuation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreatiōn, and it shall be done in an instant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby he hath lost the lawfull vse of his hand; let him but once

Receipts.

use the exercise of swinging, and stretch himselfe vpon the soueraigne Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will presently kill the Felon.

For a *Tympanie*.

If a Virgin be so sicke of *Cupid*, that the disease is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all speede possible remoue her selfe changing Aire for forty weekes at least, keeping a spare diet as she trauels, alwayes after vsing lawfull exercises, till she be married, & then she is past danger.

For *Barrennesse*.

If any Lady be married, yet childelesse, let her first desire to be a mother, and eat to her breakfast a new laid Egge in a spoonefull of Goats-milke, with a scruple of Amber-greece, and at supper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; and aboue al things let her auoyd hurrying in *Coaches*, especially on the stones; and assuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

Receipts.

meant her, and no doubt shee shall fru-
&tifie.

For the falling sicknesse.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling sicknesse, let her first forbeare Phyficke, especially Suppositories and Glisters: neither let her trauell Westward-Ho, because shee must auoyd the *Isle of Man*. And for that it is an euill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, haue alwaies her legs acrosse, when she is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Rupiture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Estate, so that hee cannot goe abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from sixe moneths to sixe moneths, and he shall be as able a man as euer he was.

The

Songs.

The Mountebankes Song.

Is any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound, or loose behind?
Is any foule, that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her baire?
Do's any dreame? do's any walke?
Or in his sleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Be Drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy brasnes well tempered?
Do's Elus thy stomacke gnaw?
Or breedeth there vermine in thy maw?
Doest thou desire and canst not please?
Loe here the best Cantharides.

I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Even all diseases that arise
From ill disposed crudities,

From

Songs,

From too much study, too much paine,
From laziness, and from a straine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moist, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me, what ere, &c.

Of Lazie Gout, for the rich.
I rid the begger of the Itch,
I steame anoyd both thicke and thin,
I dislocated ioynts put in,
I can old age to yongh restore,
And doe a thousand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c,

The Second Song.

(chin,
Maides of the Chamber or of the Kiss
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come give but a kisse or two,
And here is that shall soone cure you.
Nor Galen nor Hippocrates,
Did euer doe such cures as these.

Crackt

Songs.

Crackt maids that cannot hold your water,
Or use to breake winde in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes, with Cornes,
Ile cure or Cuckolds of their hornes.

Nor Galen, &c.

If lustie Sis, Maid of the dayrie,
Chance to be blemisht by the Fayrie;
For making butter with her taile,
Ile gine her that did never faile.

Nor Galen nor, &c.

Or if some mischance betide her,
Or that the Nightmare ouer ride her
Or if she tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a messe of Creame.

Nor Galen nor, &c.

The third Song.

Heer's water to quench mayden fires,
Heer's spirits for old occupiers,
Heere's

Heer's powder to preferne youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weakes sinewes strong.

What is you lacke? what wouldest you buy?

What is it that you neede?

Come to me (Gallants) safe and tricke,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deede.

This powder doth preferne fronde face,

This cureth the Maledictione of the Lawe,

Lost maidens bards, this doth restore,

And makes them virgins as before.

What is you lacke? &c.

Heer's cure for bone-ach, fester lardens,

Unlawfull or verrylye Randens,

Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,

This medicine cureth grass wights.

What is you lacke, &c.

I have receipts to cure the Gons,

To keepe Poxes in pust them out,

To coole hot bloods, cold bloods to warme,

Shall do you (if no good) no harme.

What is you lacke? &c.

FINIS.

